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A CRITICAL INTRODUCTION TO FOURIER'S THEORY OF  
ATTRACTIVE INDUSTRY AND MORAL HARMONY.

BY HUGH DOHERTY.

*Of the Incoherent State of Science in general, and the consequent  
Divergency of Public Opinion.*

WHEN we consider the present incoherent state of science and scientific institutions, it is easy to conceive the cause of contrary opinions concerning political interests.

Even such a thing as a general and correct classification of the various scientific pursuits, and their respective correlativeness, does not exist; for the abortive attempts at classification, made by Bacon, D'Alembert, and more recently by Ampère, hardly merit notice. Every where, and in every thing, incoherence is predominant. The idea of universal harmony, and the necessity of adapting each particular branch of science to one general principle of unity, are neglected as vague ideas or vain aspirations.

It must, however, be admitted, that so long as science remains in its present fragmentary state, it may be no easy matter to discover a true principle of general *co-ordination*, and that much confusion might arise from the admission of arbitrary systems, such as those which are current in Germany; but in the absence of a perfect system of *classification*, would it not be wise to institute two distinct bodies of scientific men—one to profess science as it is now known, and one to devote all their time to making new discoveries in each particular branch, instead of leaving chance to govern absolutely with respect to progression and discovery?

If a complete classification of science and scientific research could not be made at once, a *partial programme*, at least, of such discoveries as are most imminent, might be sketched out, and rewards offered to those persons who might succeed in any branch of discovery.

If each particular class of science had established this method, and drawn out particular lists of such discoveries as were most wanting in their respective departments, the political economists would have found that the most urgent discovery in politics, was that of association, or harmonic combination; for, as man is destined to live in society, the

advantages and disadvantages of particular forms of social organization must necessarily be the principal cause of social prosperity or adversity. As man is a helpless being when alone, and all-powerful in association, the welfare of society, we repeat, must necessarily depend on the degree of excellence in the mode of uniting private interests so as to produce political unity and power. But a very slight analysis proves that, in the present state of things, private interests, instead of being generally united, are, on the contrary, very often in direct opposition; and, in as much as private interests are opposed to each other, political power is necessarily frail and insecure.

What can have been the cause of so much confusion and contradiction amongst political economists and politicians in general? is it negligence or indifference, or want of genius, or want of method? or all these defects combined?

A very little thought is sufficient to show that the power of nations is intimately connected, in fact, absolutely based upon, the wealth of nations, and the wealth of nations is created by their industry. Whence it follows that the industry of nations is the primary subject of study for economists.

When this question is properly stated, it is evident that there are but two fundamentally different modes of organizing the pursuits of industry:—1. An incoherent arrangement of separate families, pursuing their own individual interests alone, and independently of all others, according to the present prevailing system; 2. An associative organization of different families operating in large numbers and pursuing various branches of industry, according to one general plan of individual and collective interest. (We may here observe, that there are as many different varieties of associative combination, as there are of *incoherent* aggregation; so that the apprehensions of depressive monotony are totally unfounded. When we say, *one general system*, then, of association, we must not be misunderstood to mean, one absolute and inflexible form of society.)

If we ask which of these principles approaches nearest to perfection, there can be no doubt of its being that of large associations; for, as every thing in nature is organized on the most economical principles, and, as *societary* combination is infinitely more economical than incoherence, it follows, as a necessary consequence, that the natural principles of excellence in society, are those of association; and hence, the chief task of political economy was the discovery of the natural and harmonic laws of combination. As a farther proof of association being the natural form of society, we have actual demonstration of incoherence being its *unnatural form*: in the present state, we see the interests of each class diametrically opposed to that of all others, and the interest of individuals of the same profession, are equally conflicting. The interest of lawyers is, that disputes and contentions should arise between those who have money to pay for law suits; no matter whether they be strangers to each other or members of the same family: the interest of medical men is, that illness may be every where prevalent, so as to produce numerous patients: military men are constrained to wish for war, that their chances of advancement may be in proportion to the number of their comrades slain in the field: archi-

fects, masons, and carpenters, are interested in the ravages of fire, burning down cities, &c., to furnish employment in reconstruction. Besides these conflicting interests of different classes, individuals of the same profession are interested in each other's ruin : each lawyer, doctor, merchant, and shopkeeper, wishes to have all the business of his competitors, that he may secure an independency for himself in the midst of the general uncertainty.

In fact, the present state of incoherent civilization presents a most contemptible scene of conflicting mechanism, in which the interests of each caste are contrary to those of every other ; but it will be impossible to have a thorough notion of the imperfections of this state of things before we are well acquainted with the advantages of a better, in which the interest of the whole nation is identified with the immediate interest of every individual, both rich and poor.

If the private interests of different castes, and those of individuals in every profession are allowed to remain opposed to each other, how can we expect unity or concord in political opinions ? each class necessarily strives to gain political ascendancy, privilege, and advantage, at the expense of all others ; and so long as the interests of individuals are opposed to those of society, it would be folly to expect large bodies of men to prefer the public interest to their own private welfare.

This divergency of public opinion is the necessary result of jarring interests, and jarring interests are the inevitable result of *incoherent* civilization : the absence of social science is the cause of incoherence, and thence the cause of fragmentary science, divergency of opinion, conflicting interests, and social misery.

But, in the absence of a complete social science, politicians might have discovered a general system of guarantee, and mutual insurance, in which each order of separate interests would be directly interested in the general welfare of every other ; in which direct fraud would be almost impossible, and by which the greatest possible amount of advantage in a state of unconnected individual interest might be secured to all : in fact, a system in which each particular corporation would be *insured* against absolute ruin and misery by paying a small premium to a general fund for mutual protection. This system would form an intermediate step between incoherence and association. It is merely a general application, on a political scale, of the principles already applied to private companies for insuring life, property, &c. It would, however, be somewhat more complex, on account of being a political as well as a civil institution. We shall enter into the details of this mode of combining individual interests, when we treat particularly on political guaranteeism ; but we may state at present, that this system is but of secondary importance compared to the superior degrees of association, because it merely guarantees us against fraud and injustice, without realizing a superior organization of industry ; whereas domestic association would enable us at once to produce more abundantly, consume more economically, and guarantee both individual and public interests against fraud and injustice.

This universal system of guarantee would place every branch of industry in similar conditions of justice and equity, as those which now regulate the system of coining the metallic currency. Formerly,



the public were continually exposed to fraud by the adulteration of coin by monarchs and by schemers; at present they are only exposed to the fraud of petty coiners of base metals, who are easily detected. It is astonishing that politicians should so long have neglected to observe the principle of general guarantee contained in the regulations for coining, which were discovered and applied by chance in a few branches of administration, such as the Mint, and the Post-office.

To enter into a minute examination, however, of all the effects of incoherence, and all the causes of divergency in political and scientific opinions, would occupy more time than we can now devote to that part of our subject; nor is it necessary to dwell very particularly on them here, as we shall frequently recur to them hereafter: suffice it to say, that incoherence in society is the inevitable result of incoherence in science; and a fragmentary and confused state of general science is inevitable, so long as the universal principles of attraction which govern the universe, both materially and spiritually, remain unknown or only partially discovered. When once human genius has discovered that *human attractions and repulsions are exactly in proportion to the essential destiny of humanity upon earth*, it is then known what form of society will admit of the harmony of the passions, and what is the cause of subversion and the necessity of compressive doctrines, during the period of *incoherent* civilization. The law of human attractions being in proportion to the destiny of humanity, is exactly analogous to the law of material attraction in the solar system, where the destiny of each planet is exactly in proportion to its particular powers of attraction and repulsion, combined with its particular distance from the sun, and the respective positions of other planets; the *accidental* destiny of humanity is a subversive and incoherent state of society until it can discover the laws of harmony and its natural destiny upon earth; the same as a comet is destined to follow an irregular course until it can find a proper position in the solar system. It is evident that truth, justice, candour, and harmony would be agreeable to every body, if we knew how to make them agree with the interests and pleasures of each individual; and that, so long as the pursuits of interest and of pleasure are incompatible with truth and justice, there will be no hope of harmony. Social science, then, consists not only in uniting all private interests with each other, and with the general interests of society, but also in rendering the practice of falsehood, injustice, hypocrisy, and immorality, absolutely and directly injurious to those who practise them, and *vice versâ*. This task is much less difficult than people may at first imagine; for when once the *phalanx* of industrial corporations is organized for the various pursuits of happiness, all other advantages become, not only easy, but absolutely inevitable: indeed, one of the general *theorems* of the science of attraction is, that THE ORGANIZATION OF REGULAR SERIES NECESSARILY GENERATES HARMONY; OR, THAT, THE LAWS OF SERIES ARE THE BASIS OF CONCORD. The solar system is an harmonic series of planets; the most delightful music is an harmonic series of simple notes; and, as the most exquisite music, or the most infernal noise, may be produced by the same band of instruments, according as the notes are combined in harmonic series, or jumbled together in horrid



disorder,—so the human instincts and passions combined in regular series may produce exquisite harmony; but, if allowed to act *incoherently*, they will produce a real hell upon earth, as they have done hitherto, and will ever continue to do, so long as they are left to act without unity of purpose. The moral doctrines of compressing the passions, that they may not produce such violent discord are, as Fourier says, exactly analagous to a theory of harmonizing musical instruments, by exhorting the base instruments to weaken their tones, others to soften their notes, and the rest to stifle their sounds, in order to render the discordant confusion less insupportable, while every different instrument was at liberty to play different notes, without any regard to time, melody, or unity. As such a theory of harmonizing musical instruments would be evidently ineffectual, so it is clearly proved to us by an experience of several thousand years, that compressing and moderating the passions is absolutely inadequate to the task of harmonizing them, while they are free to act as caprice and jarring interests may impel them. Nor would there be any lack of freedom in a general system of unity, obliging the same passions to act in unison with each other, as in the case of a band of musicians, because those who did not like the social music of one corporation could easily take a part in another; and besides that, they might vary from one to another, for the purpose of avoiding monotony and fatigue.

No wonder that philosophers and politicians should be divided in their opinions concerning civil and political institutions of an incoherent nature; for, as incoherency in every degree is contrary to the natural laws of harmony, every institution that is adapted to such a state as incoherent civilization, must necessarily be more or less defective; and, therefore, to disagree about the preference which may be given to either, is just as if we were to dispute about which was the least disagreeable noise amongst a great variety of discordant sounds. If this were once clearly and generally understood, we should no longer quarrel about political regulations that are contrary to the interests of certain classes; we should all agree to substitute harmonic institutions; and the only emulation would be, who should organize the most perfect corporations, who should compose the most rapturous harmony.

So long as institutions are inharmonic, we may rest assured they will produce divergency of opinion; nor is it easy to know which of the political parties of the present day is most discordant in its pretensions. One thing, however, is certain; as no sort of discordant noise can ever produce harmony, so no sort of *incoherent* political reform can ever produce peace or happiness.

Let us, then, briefly examine what degree of convergency in public opinion may be expected from a correct social and political science. The contrast may be interesting and instructive.

#### AN INCIDENTAL DIGRESSION.

Before we discuss the advantages of a correct political science, it may not be useless to anticipate an objection which is very generally made concerning the innate depravity of human nature, and the impossibility of rendering man just and virtuous.

Without entering into a long disquisition on the various doctrines concerning original sin, we may adduce the authority of Scripture and of celebrated divines concerning the possibility of regeneration; and, without entering into a labyrinth of erudition to discover the literal meaning of certain scriptural allegories, we may state that our notion of original sin is, that the disobedience of God's commands, and the introduction of injustice amongst men, was the original sin of humanity upon earth: and, as all the most learned divines admit the possibility of regeneration, so do we. Indeed, if the possibility of regeneration were not admitted, where would be the utility of preaching morality and religion? How could souls be saved, if they could not be first regenerated? Our conviction then is, that favourable circumstances in which the practice of truth and justice would be conducive to worldly interests, and *vice versâ*, would be eminently efficient in seconding moral and religious instruction for the great work of regeneration.

In a preceding paragraph we quoted the opinion of Henry of Ghent, surnamed "*the solemn Doctor*" (of Divinity). In speaking of the political doctrines of Plato and Aristotle, he says, "But Christianity cannot adopt either of these doctrines: our mission is to regenerate man so as to restore him to his primitive state of perfection."

And if Christ died on the cross, was it not to atone for our sins, facilitate regeneration, and open the gates of heaven to humanity? And when he said, "*Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened to you,*" are we to disbelieve him, and suppose regeneration impossible? Certainly not.

But to be as explicit as possible in consistence with brevity, we will quote a private letter of one of our friends, which contains a very remarkable analogy between the infancy of an individual and that of humanity. By the infancy of humanity we understand its political infancy during arbitrary civilization, and the absence of true social and political science.

"What can be more striking than the analogy between the infancy of an individual immediately after birth in this world, and that of humanity during the primitive ages of its existence? The infant is born helpless, without either experience or intelligence; it finds in the breast of its mother a suitable aliment already prepared, and, in her maternal affection, that fostering care which is necessary to its welfare. Without these precautions of nature, the infant would merely be born to experience a few hour's life in the cradle of death. Such, we may presume to have been the primitive existence of humanity, and this presumption is strengthened by the various profane traditions concerning Paradise, Eden, the Golden Age, &c., in which our first parents enjoyed in abundance all the fruits of luxuriant nature in reward for the simple efforts of gathering them. And, moreover, if nature had not abundantly provided every thing necessary to the preservation of human life, previous to the creation of man on the globe, how would it have been possible for our first parents to live, prosper and multiply, placed, as they must have been, defenceless and without experience in an unknown world? But the sacred traditions confirm our natural conceptions on this subject, for they tell us, that all the physical wants of man were abundantly provided for him on his

first appearance on this earth, and that his earliest steps in acquiring experience were under the immediate guidance of the Creator."

"Without entering into any discussion concerning the first disobedience, &c. (which might lead to endless controversy), we may follow out the natural analogy between the birth and progress of individual existence and that of humanity. When the infant has accomplished the first period of its existence, and the milk of its mother is no longer sufficient for the support of its growing strength, the travail of dentition commences, and a certain degree of suffering is the natural concomitant; and thus the second period of human infancy is beset with affliction.

"So it is with the infancy of humanity. When men had multiplied upon the earth to an extent that rendered its spontaneous productions insufficient for their physical wants; scarcity, privation, and discord must have afflicted them during their ignorance of industry and the means of cultivating natural productions. The invention of these means to secure a sufficiency of nourishment, may be compared to the cutting of teeth to enable the infant to assimilate other substances when the milk of its mother is no longer adequate to the function of nutrition. The second period, then, of infancy in the individual career, and in that of humanity, is marked by the generation of more powerful means of obtaining nutrition when the spontaneous aliment of the maternal breast no longer exists; and, in both cases, this generation is painful and protracted."

This is a natural mode of accounting for the fall of man into misery and sin; nor does it in any way contradict scriptural tradition; and our most intimate conviction is, that the natural mode of returning to truth, innocence, and harmony, will be in exact accordance with what is predicted in the Scriptures concerning the millennium, or second coming of Christ. Those who may think that this account is not in strict accordance with the letter of holy writ, should remember, that it is the spirit, and not the letter only, which we must attend to in allegorical writings. A moment's thought will suffice to show that the analogy in this case is perfectly *natural*, and consequently in strict accordance with the *spirit* of truth. The disobedience of men consisted in the unjust practice of robbing, and depriving each other of natural fruits, instead of cultivating and multiplying the means of subsistence—that was one way of eating of the forbidden fruit; indeed, it appears more natural to understand the allegory of "forbidden fruit" to mean the apple or fruit belonging to another person, according to a just distribution, than to suppose that God created an apple, or fruit of any sort, that was not meant for the use of man. According to our interpretation, the fruit was not absolutely forbidden to all mankind; but the injustice of robbing each other of a just share of the fruits of nature was forbidden to all the human race. (It is well known, that all oriental scholars understand the word *Adam* to mean the whole human race of the primitive ages, as well as the first man created on the globe: but to those who are particularly curious in this matter, we again recommend O'Brien's work on the Round Towers of Ireland, and the Monuments of Antiquity. The allegory of the forbidden fruit is there explained scientifically.)



We take it for granted, then, that it is possible to regenerate humanity, and we now proceed to examine the advantages of a correct political science.

*Of the Advantages of Correct Political Science, and the consequent Convergency of Public Opinion.*

The advantages of a real science, and the disadvantages of arbitrary systems, are admitted by every body; and therefore our present task is not so much to prove the utility of a correct political science, and its application to society, as it is to strengthen in the reader's mind an impartial opinion concerning the discovery of this science. This can only be done in a vague and general manner, insomuch as we have not yet entered into the details of our subject; but, on the faith of what has already been said concerning the general principles and results in a single case of combinative organization, we may take a hasty glance at the *political connexion* of these individual associations. The natural contrast between association and incoherence will serve to elucidate our proposition:—

1. By paying proper attention to cleanliness, wholesome food, good air, &c. &c., each corporate body would preserve the health of its individual members, and these precautions would be strengthened by paying medical men in proportion to the health of the members, instead of paying them in proportion to the amount of sickness.

2. Instead of paying poor-rates to able bodied people in idleness, they could advance money for general loans, enabling the poor to form industrious companies, in order to render waste lands fit for cultivation, and build habitations or *Phalansteries* upon them. When once they had built their habitation, and rendered the waste lands fit for cultivation, they could easily pay the interest of the money advanced for materials and nourishment during the preparatory operations.

This system would not only diminish the burden of poor-rates, but it would also partially provide for the exuberance of population, for which there is no earthly provision at present. Each association would then have to support its aged and infirm members; and the number of these would be greatly diminished by sanitary regulations and healthy occupation.

3. By procuring useful employment for all the able-bodied poor of each establishment, added to the regulations just now mentioned for providing new colonies, it is clear that indigence might be thoroughly eradicated, and its consequent crimes prevented.

4. Each corporation buying and selling on a wholesale scale, would want but few retail dealers, and therefore the greater part of the present swarm of traders would return to productive and useful industry; and, as competition would be confined to large and enlightened bodies, having to maintain their credit and an honourable character, fraud, adulteration, and bankruptcy would be rendered almost impossible. The property of the whole phalanx would be a guarantee against bankruptcy; and, as each corporation would exchange its superfluities for those of other individual societies, it is evident that they would be mutually injuring themselves by adulterating their respective productions.

5. Each society would prefer those branches of industry for which climate, soil, mineral productions, and other local advantages gave them a natural superiority, and hence the mutual advantages of exchange on terms of equity.

6. A whole province, or even a whole nation, of these individual combinations, might form a federal society of *insurance*, to guarantee each other respectively against the ravages of *fire, frost, hail, rain*, or any other general calamity ; so that if a *Phalanstery* was burnt down, or if a whole county was ravaged by storm, the loss would be reduced to a trifle for each, when supported by all.

7. The advantages of general education and superior science being common in each locality, would be incalculable, in appreciating all the local resources, and the best means of turning them to account.

8. The interests of the rich and the poor would be united in the combined action of property and industry, so that it would be impossible to separate the two ; and hence the difficulty of one class legislating for themselves only, or obtaining unjust privileges.

9. All the taxes, direct and indirect, might be reduced to one general direct tax ; and by paying quarterly or half yearly all the taxes of each association, a useless and expensive legion of tax-gatherers might be disbanded, and occupied in productive or useful pursuits.

10. The amount of taxation might be considerably diminished in consequence of prisons, police establishments, and other expensive institutions of *incoherent* civilization, being reduced to one tenth of their present extent ; and perhaps even less than that.

11. University education and the higher branches of science might be conducted on better principles, both of science and economy, under the immediate control of government, than they now are, under the influence of superannuated creeds, charters, and interested prejudices. Instead of wasting money and time on idlers who have no taste for learning, as it very often happens at present, those youths only, who had manifested particular vocations for transcendent science, would be sent by their respective localities to study at universities.

12. The commerce between different nations might be carried on by governments, who would know exactly what were the just proportions of exportation and importation suited to each nation ; thus avoiding the endless miscalculations of ignorant individuals, and prevent the unjust privileges and monopolies of private companies, as well as the disastrous failures resulting from over-speculation and excessive competition.

13. By this means, also, custom-houses might be abolished, to facilitate the mutual intercourse of nations. Nor would there be any inconvenience in this measure, because each nation, province, and locality would produce in superabundance those things only for which it had a natural advantage, requiring no other protection than that of its natural superiority ; and, as the expenses of government would be greatly diminished by the wholesale measures of economy to which we allude, there would be no reason for regretting the revenue of customs, duties, &c.

14. War would probably be abolished between civilized nations ; as

it is quite clear that everybody loses and nobody gains by war on civilized policy. As for barbarous nations, they would soon be constrained to imitate or adopt the natural system of society, which in half a century would render them as learned and polite as the most civilized nations.

15. Instead of destructive armies and navies, we might have navies of commerce, and armies of industry; the one usefully occupied by sea, and the other by land. The armies of industry might be employed in building ships, cutting canals, making railways, erecting public monuments, &c.; instead of being drilled to use destructive arms, they might be taught to wield the instruments of production.

16. Nations might be united together in empires, as provinces are in nations; unity of method might be adopted all over the earth for such things as are of universal importance; one universal language might be adopted and taught every where, besides the native languages of each respective locality. In fact, endless advantages of individual and general interest would be the natural consequence of correct science and its application in truth and justice.

It is clear that these conditions would unite all the interests of society, and thence it is not less evident that they would produce concord and convergency of public opinion.

We are aware that such magnificent and prodigious results as these will excite the doubts of those who consider themselves reasonable, positive, and practical people—of those who are commonly called *business-like* people: but it must be remembered that these social and political results can only be obtained by corporate combination; and that, so far from pretending to produce wonderful political effects in the present state of *incoherent* society, we might predict with certainty much more calamitous results than they—the positive people—are aware of. If the principles of spiritual attraction explain to us the results of harmonic combination, they also explain to us the effects of general incoherence and jarring interests: and if the picture of the one is truly magnificent, that of the other is gloomy and dread. It is the ignorance of pending danger which lulls the thoughtless multitude in delusive security; but those who see the dark spot in the political horizon, are fully apprehensive of an approaching storm. It must also be remembered that the difference is great between passing at once in review all these advantages and the necessary slowness in which they would be realized little by little; but however slow the transformation may be, it will be steady, foreseen, and sure: nothing can effectually prevent the power of science from making its way, though prejudice may for a time retard its progress. The most interesting subject of inquiry, then, at present, is, are the natural principles of corporate combination discovered, or are they not?

It may be interesting, however, to examine the causes of political retrogradation as well as those of progression; for though humanity is sure to progress on some point or other of the globe, still it is proved to us by experience, that civilized nations may die a political death, just as an individual may be carried off before his time by fever or pestilence, or by any other mortal disease. When we say civilized nations, it is understood that we allude to *incoherent* civilization, such



as that which now exists in the most advanced countries of Europe, and formerly in Italy and Greece; for, when the whole globe is really civilized, or rather harmonized by corporate combination, there can be no instance of political dissolution: the only political change that can happen, will be variation in the scale of political importance and ascendancy.

If a revolution were to bring about a dissolution of the British Empire, it is clear, that those who are the most prejudiced against reform in any shape, would be the greatest sufferers by such a dissolution: we mean those who have the heaviest stake in property and vested interests. The people who have nothing but their knowledge and their labour, would merely be exposed to temporary suffering; but property of every sort, and the advantages of credit and position, would be entirely wrecked. Let us hope, however, that a catastrophe which would involve the lives and fortunes of so many thousands, may be prevented by those who are most exposed to risk; and who, by being better able to judge of the danger, would be most guilty in the event, and therefore justify the dreadful fate which their indifferent scepticism had drawn upon them; and, in order to render the possible event of such a catastrophe less imperceptible to the eyes of the indifferent, let us take a hasty view of those mighty empires whose ruins now attest their fallen glory; whose history records an empty name; whose crimes against humanity condemned them to destruction; and in whose fate we read the future doom of ignorant and reckless tyranny.

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### SONNET.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

“And the world teems with children’s sunset prayers!”

*The Dream*, by the HON. MRS. NORTON.

A LITTLE boy was by his mother kneeling;  
 One hand amid his golden curls was stealing,  
 The other most gently held his tiny hand:  
 Her lips seem’d moving:—Though no utterance broke  
 From out their portals—doubtless her heart awoke  
 A holy prayer, the Angels understand.  
 Sudden! both the child’s she clasp’d within her own,  
 Elevating them towards The Mercy Throne  
 Where God was seated.—Then the innocent boy  
 Join’d in her *now* articulated prayer,  
 That still the Almighty with especial care  
 Would o’er him watch—her sole terrestrial joy!  
 Devotions done—exchanged the mutual kiss—  
 They sank to slumber in harmonious bliss!

## SOCRATES.

A TRAGEDY : BY FRANCIS BARHAM, ESQ.

## ACT IV.—SCENE I. :

ARISTOPHANES, CRITIAS, MELITUS, ANYTUS, and LYCON.

ARISTOPHANES.

Well, gentlemen, I've done it.

CRITIAS.

*Done—done what ?*

ANYTUS.

His creditors. I'll bet a drachma to it.

CRITIAS.

Don't bet more than you're worth, you miserly dog.  
A drachma—tush !

ANYTUS.

You barbarous, wolfish knave,  
I'm worth ten thousand drachmas.

CRITIAS.

Nay, excuse me,  
I know your strong box is ;—but you yourself  
Were dearly bought at half a drachma. Misers  
Should go dirt cheap—they have no personal value ;  
'Tis all transferred to their pockets.

MELITUS.

Now, don't quarrel.  
You are both Arcadians—thorough rascals both—  
Like as two hedgehogs ; 'twere a pity if  
Such paragons in scampishness should slit  
Each other's whistles. There's diablerie  
Enough for both ; pray don't be jealous.

LYCON.

Hear him,

The would-be, can't-be rhetorician ;—hear  
The turncoat knave,—the jack of all bad trades.  
Why I and my friend, Anytus, compared  
To you, are doves to a raven. You curst hireling,  
For you to prate forsooth ! Who robbed the widow  
Of her last meal, and trampled on the baby,  
That with its innocent weeping eyes implored  
Compassion for its mother. We appeal  
To Aristophanes, which is the worst  
Among us.

ARISTOPHANES.

'Tis a very grammatical question,  
Very grammatical,—Whether such superlatives

Admit comparatives? That you are all  
 Superlatives in blackguardism is clear.  
 Comparisons are odious. I'll not say  
 Which is the perfectest scoundrel. I would rather  
 Advise a coalition. As joint monarchs, share  
 Your absolute prerogative between you;  
 I'm sure no man of Athens is so hardy  
 As to dispute that palm with you.

LYCON.

Except  
 Yourself, sweet Aristophanes—to you,  
 Consummate emperor of dirty tricks,  
 We all knock under.

ARISTOPHANES.

Well! that's a hard hit,  
 But, by the faith of our patron Mercury,  
 We will not spar upon it. Take things easy—  
 Is a good old saw. So after having damned  
 Each other heartily, we'll now shake hands  
 And be better friends than ever. Rogues they say  
 Should ne'er fall out, lest honest men should happen  
 To come by their own again.

ANYTUS.

Bravo! well said,  
 So let us all shake hands in transverse fashion,  
 And sing a glee to the devil.

MELITUS.

Capital!  
 We'll sing it hand in hand,

ARISTOPHANES.

And so we will.  
 I'll coin the verse extempore. You shall join  
 In the merry chorus.

LYCON.

This is improvising  
 Extraordinary. If it reach the devil's ears,  
 He'll owe us a good turn. Now, Aristophanes.

ARISTOPHANES (*sings*).

*The rest making a laughing chorus.*

The devil, the devil is the father of evil,  
 Laugh away, jolly boys, laugh away;  
 And therefore you see, it becomes him to be  
 Our special old crony to-day,  
 Jolly boys,  
 Laugh away, jolly boys, laugh away!



If the devil, the devil, will join in our revel,  
 Laugh away, jolly boys, laugh away ;  
 We'll do all we can to ruin the man,  
 Who will not submit to his sway,  
     Jolly boys,  
 Laugh away, jolly boys, laugh away !

MELITUS.

Well, Aristophanes, now that the peace  
 Is sworn between us, may we venture to ask  
 What you intended by the monosyllable  
*Done* ? What dost refer to ?

ARISTOPHANES.

I'll just tell you ;  
 Murder will out they say—the thing I've done  
 Is called the *Clouds*.

ANYTUS.

What in the name of wonder  
 Have you done them out of their showers ? I wish you had,  
 I'd purchase some for my vineyards.

ARISTOPHANES.

No, you blockhead,  
 It is the title of a comedy  
 Against our old foe, Socrates.

MELITUS.

That's excellent—  
 The very thing I wanted—I detest  
 Socrates from my soul, and I vow vengeance.  
 Once when I made the oration to the people  
 On the glories of the war, he said that I  
 Was a fool for my pains, and bade me rather speak  
 In favour of peace, or hold my tongue. By Jove,  
 To be so snubbed in public—'twas enough  
 To turn my gall to vinegar. Moreover,  
 When I had written a most graceful song  
 To recommend women and wine, in comes  
 This marplot of my sport, and tells me that  
 The poet's pen should grace a better theme  
 Than lust and drunkenness.

ANYTUS.

I'm not surprised  
 At anything from Socrates—the impertinent  
 Meddler in other people's honest business.  
 I do remember once I laid out money  
 In the time of an expected dearth, and bought up  
 All the corn in the province. I had hoped  
 To wring a handsome fortune by monopoly,  
 Out of the people's want. But Socrates  
 (How I do hate him !) moved the Areopagus

Against me, and my corn went at a price  
That hardly paid my trouble—and my character  
Went with it. I have not recovered either;  
But if a time should come for paying off  
A debt of vengeance, I'll bring Socrates  
Before a court as rigid.

ARISTOPHANES.

So you can;  
And in your private ear these Clouds of mine  
Will much assist your malice. In the play  
I set forth Socrates as lost among  
The vapours of strange scepticism—ay,  
As masking many a perilous innovation  
In a phantastic jargon, meant to be  
Sublime,—therefore the more susceptible  
Of my ridiculous parody. Last night  
'Twas acted; and the overflowing house  
Was shaken by the thunders of applause:  
Depend on it, I've made a hit—I've caught  
The heart of the mob; and Socrates will lose  
Much of his popularity, if not  
Something besides. When Aristophanes  
Once takes a grudge, it is no joking matter  
To the subject of his satire.

MELITUS.

I'm right glad  
Of this; your comedy will do us service—  
Let us but work together, and we'll soon  
Undermine him and supplant him.

LYCON.

So we will.

ANYTUS.

If anything on earth is dear to me,  
It is this plot; and in the future time,  
What I most long for, is the death of Socrates.

## SCENE II.

### *The Camp in Bæotia.*

SOCRATES.

Tell me, my soul, wherefore this solitude  
Enchants thee? Is it that thy living genius  
Comes nearest to thee when the strife of men  
Grows distant? It is that the infinite God,  
Jealous of interference, makes thee feel  
His presence most, when earthlier presences  
Are banished from thee.—Nay, I know not this;  
But yet I know he is my light in darkness,  
And more than company in loneliness.  
So be it:—and do thou, my burning spirit,  
Drink his bright inspiration! I'm transported

Even now, and my prophetic conscience soars  
 To an unspeakable glory. Here I stand  
 Single, amid the sleeping camp of Athens,  
 In the weird starlit watches. 'Tis the night  
 Before the battle ;—young to-morrow's dawn  
 Shall see the Athenians warring with brave men  
 Brave, gallant, and heroic though our foes—  
 These stern Bæotian rivals well deserve  
 Our best resentment :—they have wronged our state  
 By insult and by injury. And yet  
 It galls my heart thus to contend with them  
 Who should be brethren ; while fierce Macedon,  
 Like a grim pard, watches the altercation,  
 And in our mutual hatred plots our ruin—  
 Why, therefore, do we fight ?

(*Enter a BÆOTIAN WIZARD and WITCH.*)

Ah, who are these ?

Are they not like the demons that make horrid  
 The crimson dreams of murderers ? Speak, and tell me,  
 Ye haggard vagabonds of darkness—what  
 Are ye ?—whence come ye ?

WIZARD.

Socrates !

SOCRATES.

How now !

Ye know me, then ?

WIZARD.

We do ;—what were the use  
 Of our Bæotian witchcraft, did we not  
 Know what we wish to know ?

SOCRATES.

Begone, impostors !

Ye vampires of credulity !

WITCH.

We are not

Impostors. The warm blood that we have drunk  
 In unrevealable orgies, makes us know  
 A something more than even the wisest of Greeks  
 Dares to conjecture.

SOCRATES.

Tell me, if thou canst,

The vow I made, when last at Athens I  
 Knelt to the God.

WIZARD.

Thy vow was this—

*To die for truth.*

SOCRATES.

Nay, there was something more—  
 Canst thou declare it ?



WITCH.

*At thy death to offer  
A cock to Æsculapius, the physician  
Of souls emancipated.*

SOCRATES.

By the listening heavens,  
They have divined me truly :—'tis most strangely  
Exact. I made that vow with the silentest voice  
Of conscience. Not a whisper passed my lips.  
Are they themselves the supernatural beings  
That haunt the desolate obscure of æther,  
And all beholding—must not be beheld?—  
Ah! their black eyes glare on me with a glance  
Of fascination. On their withered brows  
There shines a bloody cross :—their death-white lips  
Quiver with an ineffable hellish scorn.  
Sure, they are demons curst, whose tongues are dipped  
In burning blasphemies. By the great Gods,  
I do adjure ye, speak!

WIZARD.

What wouldst thou ask?

SOCRATES.

What is thy mystic history?

WIZARD.

Wilt thou swear  
To hold it secret as thy proper oath?

SOCRATES.

I swear it.

WIZARD.

Listen, Socrates,—thou shalt  
Hear something more than all your schools can teach you.

SOCRATES.

To thy story—hasten! for the hour is brief.

WIZARD.

We were, we are, we shall be—The three stages  
Of our existence were doomed contraries.—  
We were—come hither, witch, for thy sweet fate  
Is woven with mine—We were, in years long fled,  
Famed lovers—such as poets might have painted;  
Cupid and Venus would have served no better  
For an amorous rhapsodist—young, handsome, rich,  
Brave, delicate—were we not so, daughter of Styx?

WITCH.

We were, till hot ambition, like hell's lightning,  
Blasted us to perdition.

WIZARD.

Socrates,

We sought to be as tyrants in Bœotia :—

The stratagem failed—failed through the perfidy  
Of those we trusted. We were sentenced both,  
Not unto death—that had been merciful  
For ourselves and others ;—No, to banishment,  
Eternal exile, from our native land,  
We fled to the caves of the Sibyls. There ambition,  
Crushed, but not killed, revived, and with a power  
A million-fold intenser. That we could not  
Gain by means natural, we swore to compass  
By spiritual impulsions.

SOCRATES.

Tell me more.

WITCH.

O do not listen to him ; his tale would curdle  
The life in thy pure veins, and make thee dastard  
In the battle. We will not divulge the rites  
Of fire and blood by which—but we achieved  
The infernal victory gallantly, at least—  
If madly, let it be so ; we won mastery  
O'er diabolic legions ; by our spells  
And incantations made the tools of our will,  
The slaves : and by their shrewd sagacity  
We sway a band of men, fierce as ourselves,  
And rule our rulers ; or if they refuse  
Obedience, slay them.

SOCRATES.

Horrible murderers !

Ye who exult in knowledge, know ye not  
The judgment of the Gods ?

WITCH.

Aye, by the Gods !

We know their judgment, but we fear it not ;—  
The anguish and incessant scorching agony  
We feel on earth have steeled us to the terror  
Of future torments, which must come, and will—  
Earth is a hell to us. What need we tremble—  
We can't be worse, or worse excruciated.  
Our destiny is ever to advance  
From hell to hell. We have nothing left to lose  
By the change, and as the infernal wheel revolves  
Shall gain at least variety.

SOCRATES.

Your story

Has brought the skulking tears into my eyes :  
I too have felt the struggling of the passions,  
That turn ye from yourselves. Can sympathy  
Do nought to serve you ?

WITCH.

Nothing, nothing, nothing.

SOCRATES.

But yet, believe me, there is One above,  
 Who can do all, and will do all to save you.  
 One God, whose name is Love,—who, like a father,  
 Pities his fallen children ;—ay, his love  
 Intensifies towards the guilty ones.  
 His love to sinners makes him hate their sins ;  
 It is His love that fills you with these torments ...  
 They'll lead you to remorse—remorse will bring  
 Repentance—and that, pardon.

WIZARD.

You preach well ;

But 'tis in vain—you'll soon require your eloquence  
 And courage for yourself.

SOCRATES.

What dost thou mean ?

WITCH.

He does not mean the battle of to-morrow,  
 For in the fight thou bearest a charmed life,  
 And thou shalt conquer, though thy friends shall fall.

SOCRATES.

What does he then forbode ?

WIZARD.

That which thy genius

Anticipated ;—thy Athenian foes  
 Gather their strength ; they'll bring thee to thy trial,  
 As they brought us, and, like ourselves, thou, too,  
 Shalt be condemned.

SOCRATES.

Amid the fugitive dreams

Of yesternight, I saw the visioned future ;—  
 'Twas even as thou sayest.

WITCH.

I, too, beheld it ;

In a wild trance my eyes were opened, and  
 I saw thee drink the poison.

SOCRATES.

I'll not shrink

From the fatal goblet, if the Gods determine  
 That I must die the death.

WIZARD.

But I can save thee,

By the strong host of ministering demons  
 That work my will ; I can defend thy life,—  
 Ay, make thee triumph over the false craft  
 Of thy enemies.

SOCRATES.

I doubt thy power, wizard.

*Socrates.*

WIZARD.

I will convince thee on the instant. Look !  
I will but make a magic circle round us,  
And summon spirits from the ambient air !

SOCRATES.

Begin thy charm—I shall not tremble at it.

WIZARD.

Come, come, come,  
Exiles of heaven,  
From your viewless home,  
By the number seven !

*(Seven Spirits appear.)*

SOCRATES.

Shield me, Divinest One !

WIZARD.

Such is my agency,  
And such is yours, if you will be as we are !

SOCRATES.

Never ! Avaunt !—ye dreadful apparitions !  
I need ye not, and do command ye from me.

*(Spirits vanish.)*

WITCH.

Then thou refusest all our friendly offers  
Of supernatural guardianship ?

SOCRATES.

I do ;—

I trust in God and my good genius ;—  
I want no other watchers. Let dark death  
Come when he will, I am prepared to meet him—  
The sooner he approaches the more welcome.

*(WIZARD and WITCH vanish in the earth.)*

### SCENE III.

*Battle-field in Bœotia. ATHENIANS and BÆOTIANS fighting.*

*Enter XENOPHON, at the head of a Band of Athenians.*

XENOPHON.

Soldiers of Athens ! By your fathers' tombs,  
I charge ye fight and yield not ! Pallas' self  
Favours the bravest, and the bravest only.  
Resolve to conquer and you shall. By Jove !  
We'll beat them yet—these bloodhounds of Bœotia—  
The witless, brainless boobies.

BÆOTIAN GENERAL.

Peace, foul slanderer !

We are not to be foiled by tongues, but swords ;—



Not by proud words, but valiant deeds! Come on!  
We'll put you to the proof. Now, gallant comrades,  
Victory for Thebes, and ruin for false Athens!

(*The bands contend, and XENOPHON is worsted by the  
BÆOTIAN GENERAL, who wounds him and stands over  
him, brandishing his suspended sword.*)

Now yield, or die!

XENOPHON.

I'll never say I yield

To a Bæotian—never!

SOCRATES (*entering*).

To the rescue!

Pallas, Athené, to the rescue! Down  
With your weapons! By the immortal Gods!  
I'll trample ye in the dust!

SOLDIERS (*terrified*).

'Tis Mars himself!

No mortal man could scatter thus our ranks—  
He is invulnerable! the spear is shivered  
On his burnished shield, and on his crested helm  
The sword splinters to fragments.

SOCRATES.

General,

Let thy fallen victim rise, or thou shalt miss  
The mercy thou refusest.

GENERAL.

I defy thee,

Demon or mortal!

SOCRATES.

Thus, then, do I rend

The spoil from the spoiler! There, my lord of Thebes,  
Take thy free choice—I hope you'll not repent it  
When you visit Pluto.

(*The BÆOTIAN GENERAL falls.*)

What, my Xenophon!

Is it you? Great Jove, I thank thee! My brave boy,  
I little thought 'twas one so dear to me.

Ah! you are wounded—faint from loss of blood—  
This is no place for thee;—here, clasp my neck—  
I'll bear thee to my tent. Stand off, ye cravens!  
Dare not to cross my way, or you shall find it  
The straightest track to Hades. My sweet pupil,  
Your lady love shall not have cause to weep  
The loss of Xenophon—lean on me—thus.

## SCENE IV.

*Athens.*

ARISTOPHANES, MELITUS, ANYTUS, and LYCON, with a Crowd

ARISTOPHANES.

Yes, gentlemen, you see 'twas not without  
 Just cause I wrote my Clouds—that had the honour  
 Of gaining your fair suffrages. This Socrates,  
 Whom the great Oracle hath styled most wise,  
 Merely in jest, by the queer rule of contraries,  
 Hath much insulted both your gods and you.

CROWD.

What said he?

LYCON.

Said—that all the gods were One,  
 And One was all—in violation of  
 The plainest rule of all arithmetic.  
 Pythagoras, too, talked some such trash. We say  
 'Tis downright blasphemy.

CROWD.

Most infamous!

MELITUS.

Ay, 'twas most infamous—but worse than this,  
 Ye men of Athens! Socrates affirmed  
 Yourselves no better than the idolaters  
 You laugh at.

CROWD.

Most monstrous insolence.

ANYTUS.

Yes, he affirmed, that in mythology,  
 You were as blind as the barbarians;  
 Is it not right to summon him to the courts  
 For this base slander.

CROWD.

Certainly, we'll stand

By you, and make him smart for it—the sooner  
 We can get rid of such a troublesome satirist  
 The better.

ALCIBIADES (*entering*).

Ah, how now—ye base-born scoundrels,  
 So you have met, it seems, to punish Socrates;  
 Yes, Socrates—the Oracle's best favourite—  
 Socrates, whose least hair is worth a million  
 Such knaves as you. O! Aristophanes,  
 Lycon, and Melitus, I am ashamed  
 To meet you here. If you have tears or blushes,  
 You need them now. What! wrong behind his back  
 The greatest and worthiest man that Athens—  
 That Greece herself—have ever nursed to fame,—

A man worth all the seven sages? Fie,  
 You'll never know his value till you've lost him;  
 If anything could make my Socrates  
 More glorious than he is, it is the hatred  
 Of such as you:—Ye miscreant bloodsuckers,  
 Ye bats, ye owls, ye wolves, ye vipers—hence!  
 Or by the Gods! my thirsty sword shall drink  
 The best of your bad blood! Begone I say!  
 He who delays, I hold him as my foe—  
 And as my foe, he shall this instant follow  
 The track which he least likes.—I spurn ye from me  
 Thus—make yourselves scarce—the blessing of  
 Styx and Cocytus keep you company.  
 (*He drives them out.*)

## SCENE V.

*Gardens of Academus.*

*Enter PLATO and his Sweetheart EUPHROSYNE.*

PLATO.

Oh, my Euphrosyne—I am so blest  
 In thy sweet presence—certainly the poets  
 Have spoken most truly.

EUPHROSYNE.

What do the poets say?

PLATO.

They say, my prettiest, that the souls of lovers  
 Were twin born in the empyrean skies,  
 Around Jove's threshold. There they once were mingled,  
 Soul within soul in such ambrosial bliss,  
 Such nectarous luscious, metaphysical, marriage,  
 That they, inebriated with luxury,  
 Lost the eternal spell-word, and the wings  
 Of their o'er-sensualizing spirits drooped.

EUPHROSYNE.

Well, Plato, what of this?

PLATO.

It was not well,  
 Thou dearest of all darlings. Jove, to cure them  
 Of this voluptuous passion, bade them wear  
 New vehicles, and plunged them with their stars  
 Amid the lapsed spheres of materialism;—  
 There do they wander—severed—parted things,  
 Mere fractions of themselves—till they do find  
 The eternal partners of their exiled hearts.

EUPHROSYNE.

What happens when they do, my Plato? tell me.

PLATO.

Then, maiden, do they instantly remember,  
 By an instinctive reminiscency,  
 That they from countless, limitless ages of ages,  
 Had conversed with each other—that they were  
 Married in heaven—predestined each for each.  
 Thus by a supernatural decree,  
 They instantly rejoin—their sympathies  
 Melt down into each other, even as mine  
 Do into thine, Euphrosyne,—what think you ?

EUPHROSYNE.

A darling metaphysical romance,  
 Upon my word—but do you not believe  
 'Twould make this intellectual dream more precious,  
 Could we but superadd an earthly marriage,  
 As other lovers do ?

PLATO.

No, my Euphrosyne,  
 'Twould only spoil this our celestial one.  
 We are better as we are ; this spiritual courtship  
 Is a much finer thing than what the herd  
 Of vulgar men call marriage.

EUPHROSYNE.

I'm not sure  
 Of that—at least, mama thought differently.

*Enter XENOPHON and CHLOE.*

XENOPHON.

Welcome, dear Plato, and my no less dear  
 Euphrosyne, you are just like a sister  
 To me and Chloe.

CHLOE.

Nay, more than a sister ;  
 Next to my Xenophon, whose life is due  
 To the bravery of Socrates, I love  
 Thee, my Euphrosyne, best. Hast heard the news ?  
 E'er long my Xenophon and I intend  
 To bow our heads beneath the flowery yoke  
 Of gentle Hymen.

EUPHROSYNE.

What ! go and get married !

CHLOE.

To be sure, what else should we do ?

EUPHROSYNE.

Why, do as we do,  
 Love one another with a perfect love ;  
 A marriage of the soul.

CHLOE.

You make me laugh,



You transcendental creature. You must be  
A fairy, not a woman. No romancing,  
I'll marry in the good old Attic way;  
And I most heartily would recommend  
Friend Plato, and his fair Euphrosyne,  
To follow our example. We are going  
To visit some gay friends,—live while you live—  
My rule is simple—pleasure! pleasure! pleasure!

EUPHROSYNE.

You are too wild, and much too saucy, Chloe;  
Such girls as you change our most grave philosophers  
Into mere flirts—dangling, lounging, sighing,  
Lying, and dying Cupids.

CHLOE.

Ah, Euphrosyne,  
Your blush is telling another tale. Upon  
Your rosy and voluptuous lip there lies  
Passion asleep, yet dreaming. When it wakes,  
Good bye to all these cold, chaste, snowy dreams  
Of bodiless loves—You'll marry like the rest of us;  
Or if you don't—hang yourself out of spite.

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*The Gymnastic Games.*

*Enter EURIPIDES, PHÆDON, HERALD, and several Gymnasiasts.*

EURIPIDES.

Who wins?—By the faith of a poet, I will write  
An ode upon the winner.

PHÆDON.

You will do it  
With a most sympathetic eloquence;  
For who so well can write the victor's praise  
As he whose brow so often has been circled  
By the laurel garland.

FIRST GYMNASIAST.

I will try for it,  
With the cestus.

SECOND GYMNASIAST.

And I too; we will contend  
With our best courage.

EURIPIDES.

But contend as brethren,  
In right good humour—no ill blood, I pray you.

PHÆDON.

I love these games—and now especially,  
When peace revisits Athens, like a goddess

Smiling away war's horrors. Now, dear Attica  
Seems doubly happy ; for her happiness  
Is of that sweet imperishable kind  
Which follows on the traces of despair  
Like heavenly morning on a night of storms.

EURIPIDES.

By Phœbus ! he too grows poetical :  
I tremble for my chaplet.

PHÆDON.

As the Sun  
Might tremble at his faintest satellite  
That drinks his lustre. Come, my gallant boxers,  
The races are concluded ; now is the hour  
For the cestus—Go it merrily, my hearties.

HERALD.

A ring—a ring !—the chaplet for the winner.  
(*The Gymnasiasts box with the cestus till one defeats  
the other.*)

EURIPIDES.

Well fought—Great Mars himself, the invulnerable,  
Could not have done it better. Here, brave champion,  
I place this garland on thy head,—I won't  
Forget the ode.

PHÆDON.

Would I'd another prize  
For the vanquished ; he deserved it ;—come, rise up ;  
'Twas a mere accident. I'll wager anything  
You'll win in the next match ; you only need  
A little practise.—Ha ! here come the wrestlers.

HERALD.

A ring, a ring !—They'll show you gallant sport ;  
They are Spartans, gentlemen, and you will find them  
True game, I'll warrant ;—fine display of muscle,  
Solid as iron—every nerve is strung  
With a fiery energy—every thing tells—  
There's not an atom of effeminate softness  
In forms like these. They oiled and shaved each other  
Like regular knowing ones. Anon you'll see them  
Collar and foil, and wallow in the mire  
Like swine, and strive, out of pure love, to throttle  
Each other's windpipes : then they'll butt like rams  
With their brazen foreheads, till, at a happy catch,  
One hoists another in the air and hurls him  
On the ground with the violence of a thunderbolt,  
Then falling on him, hinders him from rising,  
Pressing his neck with his elbow, till the other

Smites him upon the shoulder, as to say,  
I'm conquered, Gentlemen,—a ring—a ring!

(*Wrestlers contend, exhibiting a great variety of skill,  
till one falls, defeated.*)

## SCENE II.

SOCRATES (*alone*).

It is the hour when from the Olympic heaven  
Jove scatters dreams. Athens lies hushed in slumber :  
Her eager citizens are still as the dead :  
Her busy, prattling, jangling populace  
Have quite forgot their brawls—and I am left  
Sole watcher, with the stars for company.  
The stars—Oh, ye mysterious ones, what are ye ?—  
Can ye not, in your silent harmonies,  
Which, through the resonant depths of conscience ring,  
Articulate your essence ?—Are ye not  
Deities visible, inviolable—  
All lightened and all lightning—spirits eternal  
Encompassed with those perfect orbs of matter  
Which are your animated bodies ?—Ha !  
How is the pinnacle of bright mythology  
Girt round by clouds !—Resplendent science soars  
Into a firmament of ignorance,  
Where extremes meet and lose themselves. And yet  
My soul longs to hold converse with the souls  
Of the Stars—for souls they have—souls that emit  
And receive inspirations. 'Tis their height  
Alone, or rather, shall I say, our lowness,  
Severs our fellowship. The nearer they  
Approach the inaccessible throne of God,  
The more they vanish from our sphere of notice.  
O hard condition of the sons of men,  
That we behold all things inversed !—It is  
The curse of our position—for gross sense,  
Antagonizing spiritual truth,  
Deems great things small, and small things great. What way  
Shall we avoid this phantasy—by rising  
To God ?—Ay, we must first identify  
Ourselves with God, the universal centre,—  
Measure all things by him—not by ourselves.  
Fly from our small particular orbits—stand  
Upon the sun, and, with no partial gaze,  
Behold the involved immensity of things :  
Thus shall we—

*Enter GENIUS.*

Ah ! the vision comes again.  
Thus let me kneel to thee, immaculate shape  
Of divine æther ! wherefore dost thou now

Burst on my trance, and make the solemn midnight  
A thing of wild astonishment?—Speak to me.

GENIUS.

Peace be to Socrates. Thus let me wave  
The wand of supernatural calmness o'er thee.

SOCRATES.

Wonderful Presence!—even now I feel  
Thy magic—reason wakes serenely, as  
The young Aurora, and fierce passions leave me  
Like the last murky clouds of a thunder-storm.

GENIUS.

I come to show thee that which shall befall thee.

SOCRATES.

I am all ear.

GENIUS.

The Providence of Heaven  
Hath given me this commission unto thee ;  
For thou art one to whom entrancement's power  
Is granted, and the foresight of futurity  
To thee becomes a blessing, which to others  
Were a dire curse.

SOCRATES.

Then read my destiny.

GENIUS.

It is the destiny I warned thee of,  
And now 'tis ripe for its accomplishment :  
Thy deadliest foes have secretly contrived  
Thy accusation ; all things are prepared  
For thy destruction ;—They will summon thee  
To the Court of the Thirty Tyrants. Critias,  
Thy old disciple, for thy just reproof  
Is now thy traitor—That apostate sways  
The verdict of the court, and thou shalt be  
Condemned to the death.

SOCRATES.

Great Jupiter, I thank thee ;

'Tis even so that I would wish to die.  
Socrates is grown weary of the world ;  
'Tis at the best a paltry prison-house  
For the free soul that struggles to rejoin  
The Olympians. Here in vain we strive to bring  
Wisdom and virtue, to the perfectness  
That prompts ambition. We are frustrated  
In the best—while to the worst all things conspire.

GENIUS.

Thou dost not fear to die ?

SOCRATES.

Heaven bear me witness



How oft I've prayed the eternal ones above  
 For this emancipation. I believe  
 The favourites of the Gods die young. I look  
 On death as a kind parent of new life,  
 Holier and happier,—the bright harbinger  
 Of gorgeous immortality.

GENIUS.

Thus would I find thee.

SOCRATES.

Tell me, thou gentle Spirit, to whom doth heaven  
 Send guardians like thee?

GENIUS.

To all mankind.

All have their guardian genii—and our voices  
 Are heard in every human conscience. But  
 Only a few like thee, my Socrates,  
 Do cultivate communion with us;—therefore  
 Few grow familiar with our agencies,  
 And most resist such secret intuitions,  
 And spurn us from them; till at last they sink  
 In the black vortex of materialism,  
 Passion, and sense.

SOCRATES.

One thing I would implore thee,

If thou canst grant it. I have grieved to see  
 Athens afflicted by a fatal fever.  
 If that thy power is curative, O lend me  
 Thy prayers that this dark pestilence depart  
 From Attica,—and Socrates will bless thee!

GENIUS.

I will before the threshold of Jove's palace  
 Lay thy petition. Fare thee well. I shall  
 Be in thee, Socrates, as thou in me,  
 In life and death. Prepare thee for thy fate.

(GENIUS vanishes.)

### SCENE III.

#### *Court of the Thirty Tyrants.*

CRITIAS, ARISTOPHANES, MELITUS, ANYTUS, EURIPIDES, PLATO,  
 PHÆDON, and others.

CRITIAS.

Where is the prisoner Socrates?

ARISTOPHANES.

I know not.

But he has had the summons from the court  
 Duly delivered.

CRITIAS.

Hath he prevented us  
 By suicidal violence?

ARISTOPHANES.

No, no ;

The wisest of the Greeks, fool as he is,  
Is neither such a fool or coward as  
To die for fear of death. Ah, here he comes.

SOCRATES (*entering*).

Good morrow, my lords tyrants ;—more especially,  
Good morrow unto thee, my sometime pupil,  
Most serene Critias.

CRITIAS.

Sir, mock me not,

Your sometime pupil is your master now ;  
It ill becomes you to insult your betters,  
The lawful magistrate of Athens.

SOCRATES.

Hear him,

Ye noble judges. I, as well you know,  
Reverence the magistrates amazingly ;  
I would not have them hurt by any means,  
Nor wound their delicate feelings,—nor call up  
One blush on their pure cheeks of modesty  
And merit. No, the powers that the Gods  
Have honoured by good places, shall by me  
Be worshipped to a marvel.

CRITIAS.

Who appears—

Against this Socrates ? What is the charge  
Of his impiety ?

MELITUS.

I appear against him—

I, Melitus, the son of Melitus,  
Charge Socrates, the son of Sophroniscus,  
With a capital crime. I do accuse him here,  
Because he hath proclaimed One God in Athens,  
And scandalized the popular religion :  
Besides, he hath corrupted many citizens  
By the false pleas of his philosophy,  
Set forth with a most dangerous eloquence.

SOCRATES.

My lords and judges, and ye men of Athens,  
I know not what impression the harangues  
Of my accusers may have made upon ye,  
But for my part, I own, they have almost made  
Me to forget myself. So artfully  
Their reasons are coloured,—Yet I do assure you,  
They are pure lies—pure, unadulterated,  
Palpable falsehoods. What most surprised me was  
Their charging me with eloquence ;—that I,

The most plain-spoken, downright truth-teller,  
Noted of all men for the broad blunt terms  
In which I dressed my thoughts, should now be charged  
With aping the trim oratory of sophists.  
To vindicate myself and you, at least,  
From this part of the charge, I will set forth  
My frank defence in the most simplest style  
Of civic parlance. Men of Athens, I  
Am far declined into the vale of years,  
Yet this is the first time I ever entered  
This hall—I am a stranger to its customs,  
And forms of prosecution—Therefore, excuse me,  
My most untechnical pleadings. Gentlemen,  
You know your charge is false. I do appeal  
To your own consciences, and in the face  
Of heaven retort your words. Nay, look on me,  
And blench not. Here amid the awful presence  
Of Jupiter, the Supreme Judge, whose eye,  
With a most burning omnipresence fills  
The domes of law and justice—I do charge ye  
With perjury to the Gods. You know I speak  
The truth you hate. Look steadily upon me ;  
I see, through your most hypocritical eyes,  
Your coward souls quivering beneath the lash  
Of the conscience I evoked—I see them twisting,  
Wheedling and crouching, and, like scotched serpents,  
Writhing to escape the agonies of guilt  
That shall torment them through eternities.  
Ye men of Athens, ye do know me well—  
And, as ye know, I never did ye wrong.  
Is it a crime to attempt to raise theology—  
To unfold the mystery of mysteries—  
One Unknown God, to whom your eldest altars  
Were built by the devotion of your sires?—  
Was it a crime to teach what Orpheus taught,  
And sage Pythagoras, that Jove is One  
And All?—That all the deities you worship  
Are but theophanies and developements  
Of the Great Father? Was it crime to show  
The unlimited Paternity of God,  
The divine filiation and the brotherhood  
Of all created beings?—Was it crime  
To reconcile whate'er is true in pantheism  
And polytheism? You know it was not crime.  
And for corrupting the Athenian citizens,  
Staining the hearts and morals of young men,  
And other counts of this my accusation,  
They are no less impostures. No good man,  
Or brave, should fear to speak the truth, even if  
The truth be his own praise—and I will speak it.  
I have done more than any sage in Athens

To make the citizens holier and purer—  
 More virtuous and more happy. The best men  
 Among you were my pupils. Search my life,  
 And there you'll find an answer for my slanderers.—  
 So much for my defence. Now let me add  
 A word to my accusers : I could tell you  
 The cause of all their enmity :—It is not  
 Religion and philanthropy and patriotism,  
 As they pretend, that urge them against Socrates—  
 No ; 'tis sheer envy, hatred, jealousy !—  
 They dare not contradict me !—I have seen it ;  
 The venom of these serpents hath for years  
 Been growing in their fangs, burning and blistering :  
 This trial is but a strong ebullition  
 Of their accumulated rankerousness.—  
 I'll say no more. Whether I live or die,  
 You'll find that Socrates spoke truly—honestly :  
 For me, I care not which way lies your verdict—  
 The worst is past. Already have I suffered  
 That sting of black ingratitude—more bitter  
 Than death ;—I've striven more than any man  
 To benefit my country,—and that country  
 Has spurned me. I have oft appealed in vain  
 To the priesthood and the Aristocracy ;  
 They could have done all things—they have done nothing  
 To serve me ;—such is the bright patronage  
 Of should-be patrons. I'll not curse the priests—  
 But I could curse them. Neither will I damn  
 The Aristocracy—but I could damn them ;  
 They have left the most divine of all the Grecians  
 To sink unfriended to the upbraiding tomb ;  
 They have left me to my enemies—yet I pity  
 Their fate more than my own. They will not feel  
 My value till my death ; then they will own it.  
 But men are men, half monkeys and half tigers.  
 Thus have they treated Socrates ; and thus  
 In future ages will they treat a greater  
 Than Socrates—the Arch Philanthropist,  
 The Æsculapius of the Universe.  
 Amazed posterity shall point the finger  
 Of keen derision at them, and exclaim—  
 Thus were the best and greatest recompensed !

CRITIUS.

You've heard the prisoner's defence—what say you ?

ANYTUS.

He has not proved his innocence, and still  
 He lies beneath the capital charge.

LYCON.

His pleading



Is but an aggravation of his crime:  
He ought to die.

PLATO.

Die!—thou apostate wretch!  
And is it thou, that dardest in the face of day  
To talk of the death of Socrates?—Base miscreant!  
The death of Socrates would plunge all Greece  
Into a night of sorrow black as chaos.

EURIPIDES.

Beware of what you do: you have been frightened  
When the bright countenance of Phœbus sank  
In ominous eclipse.—A drearer darkness—  
The darkness of incurable remorse,  
Revenge and fury—will invest our city  
If Socrates is wronged.

ARISTOPHANES.

My lords and judges,  
Be not excited by poetic tropes;  
Dramatic epithets are better fitted  
For the theatre.

MELITUS.

I call for instant judgment.

ANYTUS.

Let judgment pass upon the criminal.

LYCON.

Yes—capital sentence for a capital crime.

CRITIAS.

Ye judges of the citizens of Athens,  
Ye have heard the charge and the defence. The hour  
Of your decision is arrived. Is Socrates  
Guilty or not?

THE JUDGES.

Guilty.

CRITIAS.

The judges have pronounced thee, Socrates,  
Guilty! The sentence of the law is *death*!  
But, in the mercy of this court, we give thee  
Thy choice in what particular mode of death to die.

#### SCENE IV.—*Prison.*

SOCRATES, CRITO, PLATO, PHÆDON, XANTIPPE, EUPHROSYNE,  
CHLOE, and *Children.*

SOCRATES.

Yes, this is happiness—I never felt  
True happiness till now—The gods have blest me  
With a diviner pleasure, for the pain  
Man's hatred has inflicted. Pain and pleasure,

Ye are convertible phantasies of being  
That melt into each other, and make each  
The thing it was not.

PLATO.

Socrates, dear master,  
How canst thou be so happy, while thy fate  
Fills thy best lovers with the agony  
Of unavailing sorrow?

SOCRATES.

I know not

The how or the why, but yet do I perceive  
A luxury of conscience, a pure calmness  
Of serene faith, a love, a hope. O Plato,  
Thou canst not dream how exquisite!

CRITO.

You talk

As if you were a poet.

SOCRATES.

So I am;

The true philosopher is the true poet—  
The ambrosial element of poetry  
Was my soul's atmosphere. The Muse herself  
Has paid me a bright visit in the solitude  
Of this dark prison-house.

PHÆDON.

How mean you, Socrates?

SOCRATES.

I mean, my Phædon, that poetic thought  
Is nourished by misfortune; its hid fires  
Are struck into a blaze by the stern crash  
Of tortures. 'Tis from suffering that the poet  
Doth wring the inspiration of his song.  
What think you? I have writ some verses in  
My bondage, which have sweetened it. I would  
Have set them all to music—But as time  
Is rather short with me, perhaps you'll do  
That dainty office for me. Have them chaunted  
Over my grave; and if you'll add a chorus,  
So much the better.

XANTIPPE.

O Socrates—my husband—

I never knew how much I loved you till  
This hour—the last. Can you forgive me, that  
My most capricious will so oft offended—  
My life will be one wild dream of remorse.  
I've wronged the noblest heart that ever yet  
Trusted in woman—by my death will I  
Atone thy injured name.

SOCRATES.

No, my Xantippe,

Come hither—I'll not hear you talk of dying,  
 'Tis very childish of you.—You must live,  
 And when you hear your husband's name abused,  
 Tell them how very patient he would be  
 While you were angry, Tippet. Nay, don't weep.—  
 I knew she loved me, gentlemen. This hour  
 Has wrung the secret from her. My hard fate  
 Softened her wonderfully. My sentence quite  
 Dissolved her little pet antipathies,  
 And all the woman melted in her breast.  
 Come, a last kiss—you must not linger here,  
 It is the jailor's order—So farewell!  
 And you, Euphrosyne, my Plato's sylph,  
 And Chloe, mourning absent Xenophon,  
 You owe me a kiss each—do not quite forget  
 Poor Socrates. My little children, too,  
 Come, take your father's blessing—and obey  
 Your mother when she tells you truth and virtue  
 Are the paths to happiness. There, the sweet Gods  
 Be with you!

*(The women and children retire weeping.)*

What is the hour?—I seem to need  
 Repose; the feverish wildering game of life  
 Has wearied me. I long for a sound sleep  
 Under the cypress.

*The JAILOR (entering with the bowl of poison).*

Here, my noble master;—  
 Would I had died myself, rather than brought thee  
 This cup of death—I but obey the judges.

SOCRATES.

This fellow is right honest. The poor knave  
 Loves me even as a son. The magistrates  
 All put together are not worth this jailor;  
 But I'll not hate them,—'tis enough to pity  
 That which is pitiful: is it not, Plato?

*(Taking up the goblet)*

Black bowl of blacker poison—welcome to me!  
 Thou art my choice—thou art not forced upon me—  
 No;—from the million instruments of death  
 I freely choose thee. My own plighted bride!  
 The altar of our wedlock is the tomb!  
 In everlasting marriage I embrace thee!  
 Witness the Gods! Full many a time I've quaff  
 The sparkling wine, emblem of life to friends  
 Embarking on a voyage! with more pleasure  
 I drain this pledge of death, praying sweet heaven  
 To speed me on thy untried navigation—  
 Thou ocean of eternity!

*(SOCRATES drinks, his pupils exhibiting all the signs of extreme sorrow.)*

Socrates.

How now!

Dear friends and pupils—come, be men, be men.  
Don't whimper—courage! My eye and hand are steady—  
Where is your virtue? Was it not for this  
I sent away the women? Prithee do not  
Fall into such ridiculous weaknesses?  
I've always heard it said that a brave man  
Should die in pure serenity, blessing God.

CRITO.

Is there no drop of poison left for us?  
We could die with thee.

SOCRATES.

Not a drop, dear Crito.

I took good care not to expose my pupils  
To the temptation—sipping the remainder  
To keep me company. No, if you'll excuse me,  
I'll try the dark experiment alone.  
You'll follow when the Gods shall summon you—  
Not a jot before. Ah, my old limbs do stiffen;  
I feel the invading coldness. I'll lie down,  
Even as the jailor bade me.

JAILOR (*pressing the feet of SOCRATES*).

Do you feel

This pressure, sir?

SOCRATES.

No.

JAILOR.

Icy coldness steals

Upward to the heart?

SOCRATES.

It does—I feel it does.

But in this little instant, ere my heart  
Grows wintry—Crito—you remember, Crito—  
We owe a cock to Æsculapius—  
Discharge the vow for me—do not forget it.  
That most divine physician of lapsed souls  
Shall yet revisit—in that future—then—

(SOCRATES *dies*.)

## SCENE V.

ANYTUS in banishment near Heraclea.

No refuge—no escape—the eternal vengeance  
Of gods and men pursues the murderers,  
Whose perjury caused the death of Socrates.  
Melitus have the Athenians massacred;  
Lycon and Aristophanes remain



Irreparably degraded—though they live,—  
 I wander in doomed exile, cursed by all—  
 Even my own self. My hands are red with blood—  
 The blood of innocence; my conscious heart  
 Grows pale within: and on my burning brow  
 The brand of horrible remorse hath stamp'd  
 Indelible perdition. In my eyes  
 Men read my crimes, and hunt me like a wolf.  
 These Heracleans, too, have taken the oath  
 Of vengeance on my head.

HERACLEANS (*rushing in*).

Here is the murderer  
 Of Socrates. Ah, sacrilegious homicide,  
 Prepare for a bloody fate.

ANYTUS.

O mercy, mercy!

HERACLEANS.

Yes, monster, even such mercy as you showed  
 To Socrates. Here is a cup of poison,  
 And here a dagger;—drink, as you made him drink,—  
 Or, by the Gods! the dagger on the instant  
 Shall be sheathed in thy heart.

ANYTUS.

Horrible, horrible!

HERACLEANS.

Demon!—drink thou and die!—let the earth hide  
 Thy curse-crowned execrable head, and hurl  
 Thy spirit down the blazing throat of hell  
 That yawns for thy destruction.

ANYTUS.

'Tis the doom  
 Of the just Gods. Thus do I make atonement  
 To the shade of Socrates. May Heaven forgive me!  
 (*He drinks and dies.*)

HERACLEANS.

There leave the wretched corpse,—do not pollute  
 Your hands by touching it. We'll cast a heap  
 Of stones upon it, and it shall remain  
 A witness to our children; they shall point  
 To the accursed spot, and trembling, say—  
 "Here lies the body of a murderer."

## COGITATIONS OF A CONTEMPLATIST.

## No. IV.

" Prizes would be for lags of slowest pace,  
Were cripples made the judges of the race."

DRYDEN.

I KNOW not what will be thought of my critical abilities, when I declare my intention of undertaking the defence of a writer whose very name has become synonymous with extravagance and bombast. Nat Lee's plays were most of them crowned with a success on the stage which many dramatists of the present day would envy; but his name has suffered wrong, by being always pertinaciously associated with his worst production. This has often been the fate of authors; for the public (to its shame be it spoken!) more frequently applaud extrinsicalities than excellencies. But whatever may be the faults of *Alexander the Great*, it does not deserve the contumely which has been so relentlessly heaped upon it. Although we admit the truth of the charge that it continually outleaps all recognized bounds in its diction and its sentiments, yet this is rather caused by an excess of poetry and feeling, which the writer knew not how to control, than the contrary. If this tragedy be bombast, the bombast is such as only a poet could write in the drunkenness of his inspiration. Conceding the utmost to our opponents, it is the work of a fine imagination, rejoicing in a noble liberty from the curb of reason. Were I asked for a brief character of the play, I should pronounce it to be poetry gone mad.

I assert, in spite of all contradiction, that the character of *Alexander the Great*, as portrayed by Lee, is just and true to nature. It is that of a young man who, ere he has yet lost the hot blood of youth, prostrates the world at his feet; and the splendour of whose achievements, transitory misfortune serves but to heighten. Thus phrenzied by the continued whirl of success, he gives free way to his presumption and his pride; nor will be thought less than a god. Swelled out with his unwieldy greatness, resistance to his will appears to him an impiety; in his own eyes he is the Fate whose decrees all men await with terror; and in the intoxication of his glory he manifests, at each slight contradiction, the headlong impetuosity and furious passion of a man who would rule others, without knowing how to govern himself.

Now who will deny that this is nearly the exact developement of character which an individual would undergo in the circumstances supposed by the poet? No one could bear the weight of such amazing fortune—attained, not when age had mellowed with experience, but in the first blush of puberty—without feeling himself mad-den beneath his burthen. But it is objected that such a portraiture of Alexander is not historically correct. Even if this be the fact, we might reply that the Poet is not bound within the limits of the conventional and the historical; that his office is to embody the ideal in palpable forms, and to distinguish it by distinctive attributes; and

that to do this he has full liberty of selection and rejection. We might meet the objection thus, and our plea would be fully sufficient; but Lee's view of the mighty conqueror's character is not entirely indefensible, even on the score of history. Whatever may have been Alexander's virtues at the commencement of his career, we cannot conceive that one, who on the death of a favourite, could throw down the battlements of cities, crucify physicians, cut off the manes of horses and mules, bestow ten thousand talents on a sepulchre, and put a whole nation to the sword in order to alleviate his grief and make a sacrifice to his friend's ghost, differed materially from the headlong hero of Lee. Again, it is urged, that the violence of Alexander's passion for Statira is inconsistent with the character of strict continency given to him by nearly all historians. This objection, however, is entirely obviated by the fact, that for some period previous to his death his manners were infected by a general dissoluteness, as is admitted even by his panegyrist Plutarch. Lee has made a curious jumble of history and fiction in the plan of his play; but the dissensions of the rival queens, and the uxoriousness of Alexander, are not entirely unconfirmed by graver authors.

The last objection brought against Lee's Alexander is, that his manners are unfitting a hero. I do not pretend to know what the critics, who advance this objection, require of the buskined hero of two hours; whether they would have him eternally prate about liberty like Addison's Cato, or bluster and bully like Dryden's Almanzor; but I believe that if the defence I have above made be admitted, Lee will not run much danger of condemnation from their strictures. How a professed hero should conduct himself—how he should walk, speak, and love—is altogether such a disputable point among critics, that even Achilles himself is obnoxious to censure. This consideration will afford a sufficiently wide loophole for the escape of Nat Lee.

The critics, after attacking Alexander himself, next fall foul of Clytus. In him, they say, the poet has confounded rudeness with honesty; and thus by inference taught the pernicious doctrine, that all good breeding must be necessarily the mask of the villain and the hypocrite. If the character were legitimately chargeable with such an intention on the part of the author, it would indeed be deserving of severe reprehension; but a little consideration will induce the reader to record an acquittal. Clytus is represented as a rough-hewn soldier, whose life had been passed in camps, and not in courts—as one to whom the field of battle had become a congenial home. To such a man, the opportunity of acquiring the arts of politeness could never have been presented; his best years had been spent in toil and danger, far from aught that could polish or refine; and, accordingly, he gives a full license to his deeds and his words—neither boasting his love, nor disguising his hatred. He possesses the rough virtues of a rough man—honesty and dauntless hardihood. The character of Clytus is quite justified by the circumstances which are supposed to have surrounded him; to have made him a smooth-spoken courtier would have rendered him a monstrosity. He is not held forth to us as a proper model for imitation; on the contrary, his uncouthness is exhibited and exposed as a fault. Before any man could adduce the

example of Clytus to extenuate an habitual disregard of the conventional forms of good society, he must show that he had the same lack of the means of knowledge.

The rest of the male characters I shall dismiss to the sentencer; only remarking that they seem to be intended as commentaries on the character of Alexander; for all their speeches and actions declare the mighty exaltation and grandeur he had attained:—

“ He comes, the fatal glory of the world,  
The headlong Alexander, with a guard  
Of thronging crowns, comes on to Babylon,  
Though warned, in spite of all the powers above,  
Who by these prodigies foretell his ruin!”

I must not, however, part in this manner with Roxana and Statira. To the interest excited by the violent antagonism of these two women, may perhaps be attributed the success which the play, for so long a period, enjoyed. It is owned, even by those least disposed to favour the pretensions of our poet, that few have excelled his power of depicting the glowing fever of Love. His lines seem frequently to tremble and burn with desire, until we feel the truth of Dryden's assertion.\*

“ That 'tis no longer feigned—'tis real love!”

Lee, in the management of the passion of his two queens, has exhibited a piece of exquisite art. It was needful for the conduct of his plot, that our sympathy should be excited on behalf of Statira, and our justice prevented from siding with Roxana. Nor was this all; it was expedient that Alexander should have some plausible plea for his preference of Statira, since Roxana was confessedly the first wedded, and therefore possessed of the superior right. Both the rivals express the same ardour and intensity of passion; but there is a fatal difference in the quality of their love, which at once robs Roxana of our esteem. Statira loves the man—the mere Alexander, apart from the adventitious adjunct of his greatness; but it is the mighty monarch, the dreaded master of the universe, that Roxana adores. Her passion only consists in the gratification of a haughty self-love, as she herself is made to confess in the following lines:—

*Rox.* “ You thought, perhaps, because I practised charms  
To gain the king, that I had loose desires:  
No, 'tis my pride that gives me height of pleasure,  
To see the man by all the world admired,  
Bowed to my bosom, and my captive there;  
Then my veins swell;  
My breasts grow bigger with the vast delight;  
'Tis length of rapture, and an age of fury.”

We despise Roxana for being able to entertain such a passion as this; for owning that she has been won, not by the intrinsic worth of the man, but by the external magnificence with which he is surrounded. The love of Statira is disinterested; and although born of prosperity, would apparently stand the shock of adversity uninjured:

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\* In his verses to Lee.



but were Alexander to appear before Roxana stripped of power and greatness, her passion would evidently cease, when her pride could be no longer gratified. We feel that Statira best deserves Alexander's love, and that we, if placed in his position, should, like him, prefer her mildness to the fury and ambition of her rival; and hence we justify the King, and wholly forget that Roxana is, in reality, deeply wronged by all. A dramatist, less skilled in the means of his art, would never have thought of this subtle distinction, which depresses Roxana without offending our prejudices; and, therefore, must have resorted to other and grosser expedients, at the hazard of outraging either convention or nature.

In considering the general plan of the play, the prodigies first arrest our attention. To these, many objections might be made; though it will be found, that it is not Lee's use of them, but our total disbelief that any such things are possible, which renders them offensive. But this is a disbelief which we have no right to entertain. It is reported by historians that such prodigies did occur; and therefore Lee could not, with propriety, omit them. They were necessary to give to his play an air of *vraisemblance*: without them it would not have appeared like the death of Alexander the Great. The critics, I know, would here turn round upon me, and declare these prodigies to be useless, since they neither advance nor delay the catastrophe. This objection, however, is altogether ill-grounded; for being introduced before Alexander enters, the prodigies not only serve to make us impatient to behold the man who is thus of sufficient importance to interest the gods in his fate, but raise to the highest pitch our expectation of what dread event is to follow.

I shall not commit the absurdity of making long extracts from a play so universally known as *Alexander the Great*; the reader can easily refer to passages in confirmation of my assertions. Not to weary the reader's patience, by drawing out this cogitation, or perhaps an unattractive subject to an unreasonable length, I will only further remark, that the banquet scene is very exquisitely conducted. But lest it should be said that I have unfairly displayed the beauties, and anxiously shirked the faults of my author, I hereby give notice to all whom it may concern, that I have no intention of defending Cassander's extravagant exclamation of

“Thunder and lightning!

The lords above are angry, and talk big!”

Nor the following speech:—

“*Pol.* Why all this noise because a king must die?  
Or does heaven fear because he swayed the earth,  
His ghost will war with the High Thunderer?  
Curse on the babbling Fates that cannot see  
A great man tumble, but they must be talking.”

Nor Alexander's furious address to Roxana after Statira's murder:—

“Oh, harpy! thou shalt reign the queen of devils!”

Nor the following mad-brained speech of Alexander to the dying Statira:—



“Close not thy eyes;  
 Things of import I have to speak before  
 Thou tak'st thy journey:—Tell the Gods I'm coming  
 To give them an account of life and death;  
 And many other hundred thousand policies,  
 That much concern the government of Heaven.”

These passages I hereby empower and permit all my pupils and admirers to expunge from their copies of the play.

In conclusion, I must again declare my conviction that *Alexander the Great* is the worst of Lee's productions; and, indeed, it was the perusal of his other plays (and particularly of *Theodosius, or the Force of Love*, which, with the exception of some political allusions in the earlier scenes, is pure drama,) that made me decide Lee to be a poet, and determine to find something to commend in his *Alexander the Great*. The consideration of his other plays I must reserve for a separate cogitation.

#### No. V.

“In God's name what art thou?—  
 —A man as you are!”

SHAKSPERE.

Often do we hear persons accused of obstinacy; but seldom can the accusers give any rational meaning to the charge. Every man has a right to place perfect faith in the correctness of his own opinion; and to act upon that faith to the fullest extent. Nor is this all; it is his duty to assert this right; and if he neglects to do so, we at once scorn him as a despicable pretender to the name of humanity. The experience of others to us is nought; that which is to be of use to us must be gained by the sweat of our own brow—must be the prize of our own valour. Wisdom, of any kind, was never yet imparted by precept, or warning, or lecture; we must arm for the battle, and win it ourselves in the conflict.

It is the distinguishing characteristic of humanity, that every man has within his own breast all that is requisite for the supply of his mental needs. No necessity exists for him to depend on foreign help. He has the faculty of comparing cause and effect, and of drawing therefrom conclusions; in which process he can scarcely be aided. Others may present new facts for his consideration; but his conclusion, if it be good for anything, must be the unalloyed response of his own conscience. That man is unworthy of the name of man, who will not confide in the integrity of his own intuitions, and believe that he is not afflicted with a blindness to truth. If one man can reason well, I can do the same; for wherein do we differ? Are we not of the same race?—possessed of the same capabilities?—moved by the same passions?—animated by the same hopes?—and heirs of the same destiny? Then in what he does well, wherefore should I not do well likewise? Men are created equal; whatever difference exists between man and man is accidental, not essential. Claim a faculty for one man, and you claim it for the whole race. Thus I, being no ways inferior to my fellow men in aught which constitutes me man, cannot,

without abasement, desert the principles and opinions I have honestly conceived, however authority may browbeat, or custom deride.

But it may be asked, shall one man oppose his single opinion to the opinion of many?—shall he dare to set up his judgement against that of the whole world? I answer, Yes!—if he speak honestly from his conscience. Self-confidence is the crown of manhood. Nothing great—nothing good—has been accomplished by those who have not had the courage to believe in their own truth. What is a crowd of opponent authorities to me? If I know what I declare to be true—not with a blind belief, but with my eyes open, and after patient toil and earnest meditation—it has become my duty, as I tender the dignity of manhood, to stand the brunt of the battle, and cry craven to none. But again, it may be asked, is it possible that the one man should be right, and the million wrong? Yes, O yes!—very possible;—nay, more, very probable. Error is more contagious than truth. The solitary student in his closet may be enabled to grasp the truth; yet, having grasped it, will he not stand alone? Some will call him a madman—others, nickname him an enthusiast; he will have to endure contumely, persecution, and malice; but if he yields not, his triumph is sure. Look into history or biography, and you will find that all those whom we now reverence as the apostles of truth, originally stood in this position, of one against many; that each had to combat the world, and that each came out of the contest victorious.

Still a man may say, “I am unfitted for such daring; I am no Luther—no mighty reformer: I must produce authority for my actions, and do as others do, if I would avoid reproach.” Why dost thou depreciate thyself, O thou of little faith? Dost thou think Luther had a single quality thou hast not? If he had, could he have been of the same species? The seeds of nobility may lie dormant in thee; but every man has the capacity of being as great as man can be. Be not content with saying, “I am a pigmy; I can only crawl and lick the dust off the shoes of this man or that.”—Up! and try thy strength!—Think thyself a hero, and thou wilt prove one.

Nor is it necessary to be at the head of armies or of nations for the display of heroism. One can be a hero in one’s own parlour; and he who is so, is the greatest of all. Private life affords us plenty of opportunities for the exhibition of strength or of weakness; to exercise the nobleness and expose the littleness of our minds. Guide thy course steadily in the light of fixed principle; and scorn to change it because popular prejudice or fickleness make thee the butt of ridicule. The man of fixed principle is the only man whom no emergency can find unprepared. He steers truly and safely; for in all circumstances his path is plain and open before him. However involved and intricate a labyrinth may be, we may always be extricated from its mazes by keeping *one* way; but if we run up and down—now here, and now there—every step we take but increases our confusion and our danger. So in the great labyrinth of the world, he who never deviates to the right nor the left, whose actions are all referable to principle and not to inclination, will be alike noble in the storms of adversity and the sunshine of prosperity—will be alike heroic at his domestic hearth and the helm of nations.

But it may be objected, that many have incurred ruin by following their own plans, and neglecting the advice of some sage over-anxious busybody. Not, however, have such been ruined by daring to trust in themselves; but because they have feared to confide in their own principles to the end. They have had too little faith; and thus they have done neither one thing nor the other—neither followed the advice of their friends, nor continued steadfast to their own determination. They have wavered between two stools; and what wonder that the old adage was exemplified?

And now can we perceive in what GENIUS consists. The man of genius is he who dares do that, which a world of cowards shrinks from. He believes the monitions of his own soul to be true for himself and all men, and acts in the light of their influence. Courage and genius are identical; nor can one exist without the other. The essence of genius is in the exclamation "I WILL do it!" It determines to effect something; nor awaits the dull calculation of means. In short, like love,

"It rides upon a thought,  
And straight o'erleaps all fence unto the goal."

The man of genius feels no inadequacy to his task, however difficult—nay, however impossible it may seem to others. His motto is, "I and Time against the World." To the uninspired portion of mankind, this energy of his at first appears the frenzy of a Bedlamite; but sooner or later his character is better appreciated, and the justice of his aims acknowledged.

Genius is ever self-sufficient. Often do we find recorded in the lives of great men, that although they listened to the opinions of their coadjutors, they always followed their own. The man of genius is what the world calls obstinate; and neither requires nor takes advice. What would be good for another, who is a poor groveller that boasts not of genius, would, for that very same reason, be the worst possible course for him. He depends upon his own resources; for he knows all help, but that derived from himself, will fail at need. The hare may counsel prudence and fly; but the lion must face his foe.

Our whole life below is spent in struggling, either manfully or otherwise. All of us have obstacles to overcome and enemies to disarm; in which contest we shall either incur eternal infamy or win eternal glory. Say what they will, victory in this world is ever obtained, not by caution, but by daring. Cowardice, of all kinds, is ruin; the old proverb, "Nothing venture, nothing win," is confirmed by the experience of every day. He who would be the actor of noble deeds, must cast off from him the slough of a beggarly prudence, and feel that nought which is possible to man is impossible to him. He must not for a moment entertain the lazy conviction of mental inferiority to any, but must assert an equality with the bravest and the best by a glorious emulation of their virtues and achievements. In short, he must cease to be the puppet of convention—he must be a MAN!

ANTHONY LONGHEAD.

\*\*\* In the *Cogitations of a Contemplatist*, published last month, some errors of the press have occurred; which, as they are of importance to the sense, I beg leave

to correct. Page 354, line 32, instead of "but it is rarely requisite that all their isolated characteristics should be faithfully preserved;" read, "but it is *surely* requisite that all their *isolating* characteristics should be faithfully preserved." Page 355, line 41, instead of "And Babylon that didst no waste;" read, "And Babylon that didst *us* waste." Page 355, bottom line, instead of "That your salvation brings;" read "That your salvation *bring*."

## THE DOUBLE DISAPPOINTMENT.

### A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. EDWARD THOMAS.

"I have no joy in this contract to-night:  
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;  
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,  
Ere one can say it lightens."

SHAKSPERE.

It was a beautiful afternoon, in the month of May, when Madelon and Janet Howard stepped into the London coach, which passed their father's neat-looking villa by the roadside, to pay a sort of stolen visit to a favourite brother, who held a situation in Somerset House; and who, from obstinately persevering in an attachment to a lovely and amiable girl, whose only crime was a want of fortune; (the heaviest in the eyes of many,) had incurred the paternal displeasure to such an extent, that, after a long and angry correspondence, it ended in Frederick Howard's being forbidden his father's house (to the great grief of his adoring mother, and affectionate sisters);—the most injudicious step that can be adopted in such a dilemma—yet one too many parents take in similar circumstances. For where can the sorrowing and banished delinquent turn for pity and consolation, but to the very being for whom he is suffering such unmerited cruelty? Who so capable of soothing his irritated feelings,—of speaking peace to his wounded spirit,—and pouring the balm of sympathy and affection (that true "oil of gladness!") on his aching heart—as she who has caused his affliction? And, although quite involuntary, still feels such tender and acute self-reproach, for the injury her innocent affection has inflicted on the being dearest to her, and for which she would atone with the sacrifice of all most precious to her young heart!

If parents really desire to add strength and durability to an imprudent, and perhaps otherwise transient passion, which might soon have evaporated in the natural fickleness of youth—let them follow Mr. Howard's system. But if, from a sincere and anxious regard for the future welfare of their child, they, with the prudent experience of mature age, see strong reasons to discourage it, let them court the poor victim to his boyhood home—let them render it cheerful and inviting to him, and endeavour, by mild expostulation and dispassionate reasoning, to convince him, that the opposition now offered to his dearest wish, is only for his ultimate advantage—that, in fact, he has in his father, not a stern, unyielding judge, dead to all the sweet memories of youth, and forgetful of his own early conflicts and sufferings, ere he at-



tained the haven of domestic peace and love: but a friend—a sympathizer—and a sincere partaker in all that truly concerns his interest here and hereafter.

If parents, instead of listening in such cases to the voice of passion, would follow the dictates of their cooler judgement, much vain and bitter self-condemnation would be spared them in the decline of life, and many, many victims be snatched from the abyss of vice and folly.

But to return. It was one of those nice old-fashioned May-days, when the sun did shine, and young ladies could dress jauntily, without the apprehension of catching their deaths from a violent and unexpected shower, (*alias* a deluge). Consequently, Madelon had bestowed particular care on her toilet; and most beautiful she looked—just nineteen—tall, and finely formed, with large liquid blue eyes, full of fire and animation—a complexion faultlessly fair, blended with the hue of perfect health, aided by the vivacity of a never-ceasing flow of spirits; mental content being, after all, the only infallible recipe for personal beauty. She wore a most becoming white chip hat, with a wreath of myrtle round it, and an elegant mantelet over her shoulders; carrying gracefully in her hand a very small light blue silk parasol, favourable to her complexion, she said—and a richly embroidered reticule. Janet, also, had blue eyes, but they were so shaded by her long dark eye-lashes, (the longest I ever beheld,) that, except when she raised them, it was impossible to judge of their expression; but then they were radiant indeed! She had a brighter colour than her sister, but was neither quite so tall, nor so fair; and was too young to bestow such attention on her personal appearance, (being only fifteen). She was therefore dressed much plainer and child-like, (which Madelon highly commended, conscious such extreme simplicity must afford only a more striking contrast to her superlative charms,) and carried in her hand a small basket of fresh-blown violets only. But then, “Frederick was so fond of them!” Madelon chatted with the most unreserved freedom to the other passengers, particularly to rather a handsome young man, who sat opposite to her; who looked at the largest objects through a glass, wore diamond studs, carried the “Morning Post” in his lap carelessly, and had altogether an air “*très-distingué*” for a stage-coach! On him, therefore, she exercised her ruling passion, (for the time being,) universal conquest; described a ball she had once been at—the number of gentlemen who asked her to dance—the sensation she created—the dress she wore, (blue and silver,)—and her distress at not being able to procure natural flowers for her hair, (it being the winter season,) and having no green-house *then*; thus adroitly intimating that she was relieved from that painful embarrassment, and could now command a necessary appendage to a coquette, a charming bouquet to pull to pieces, whenever she wished to display the whitest hands in the world, to the admiring youth with whom she might happen to be flirting.

Janet remained silent during the whole of the journey. For she thought, “Who will care to listen to my common-place remarks? Madelon has so much to say—and says everything so well!” The coach set them down on the Fleet Street side of Temple Bar,—that



being the termination of the stage. They then proceeded up the Strand, and on arriving opposite to Somerset House, they perceived an immense concourse of carriages of visitors to the Exhibition (then just opened). The two girls remained hesitating for some time, before venturing to cross the road. At length, Madelon exclaimed encouragingly, "Come Janet, dear! now's a good opportunity I think!"

"Oh! I dare not," said Janet, in a voice tremulous with alarm. "I dare not indeed, I'm so frightened!"

"What nonsense!" replied Madelon, half angrily. "That's just like you, Janet, frightened at everything! You're not fit to come from home, I'm sure. Come! come! I'll take care you don't get hurt!" And she took the reluctant hand of her sister, to conduct her through the danger. "How you tremble!" she observed, "you silly thing!"

A tall, elegant young man, who had been struck with their extreme beauty, and who, judging, from the smartness of Madelon's appearance, that they were not exactly what are considered "Londoners," (there being a sort of rustic air joined to her finery,) overhearing the preceding dialogue, now stepped forward, and bowing respectfully to them, said, "Allow me to see you safely across, young ladies."

This address from a perfect stranger rather increased Janet's fears—but Madelon, who at a glance saw that he was "a marvellous proper man," gladly availed herself of the offer.

Twice they leisurely perambulated the spacious quadrangle of Somerset House, ere Madelon had courage to tear herself away from the fascinating conversation of the elegant and captivating stranger—who, with that complete tact of a man of the world, had, without appearing to ask a single question, or show the slightest symptoms of curiosity, gleaned the whole history of her errand from the imprudent but unsophisticated girl—with every other interesting particular, relative to her "birth, parentage, and education."

"And is it really only a brother for whom you feel such an interest?" he inquired, in a soft, melodious tone of voice.

Madelon, anxious to convince him, that she had no serious engagement, (having read a great deal about love at first sight—lords in disguise—and the supremacy of beauty—and the madness of allowing the frost of jealousy to nip the blossoms of a dawning passion,) assured him, in the most positive and affecting terms, "that she took no interest in any other part of the male creation, except, indeed, her dear papa, and one little nephew, who was only ten years of age, besides her other brothers."

"Will you permit me to wait here to see you safely to the coach again?" he asked, imploringly. Madelon's pride, for the first time, revolted at the idea of a public vehicle. But she thought, "It won't be for long,—his lordship must have a carriage to offer me." So she instantly replied, "Most certainly. I shall be only too grateful for such polite attention—but perhaps we shall detain you too long?"

"Not at all, pray do not think of hurrying—my time is yours."

The meeting between the brother and sisters was of the most affectionate and tender description. Madelon embraced him with all the fervour and energy of her nature, and silent tears mingled with

Janet's fond and oft-repeated kiss, at seeing how much paler he looked; and how much less bright his eyes were, than when he used to bound from the coach of a Saturday evening, to spend the happy Sabbath in the bosom of his family.

He confessed "that he had not been well for a long time,—that he had suffered great mental affliction, from what he termed his father's harsh injustice, which had impaired his bodily health sadly;" and added, in a tone of defiance, while his face became of the deepest crimson, from excited feelings—"If he does not soon consent to my union with Emily Mills, I shall do worse, and so you may tell him." He did do worse; for, upon the old gentleman still remaining inexorable to his entreaties, he broke off his engagement, and plunged desperately into a scene of vice and dissipation, which entailed misery and disgrace on him for years after, and impoverished his father to snatch him from a gaol, and save his character in his public capacity.

"But how could he think of allowing you to come alone?" he observed, in a softened tone.

"Oh! he knows nothing about it," answered Madelon; "he's gone to a public meeting, so we coaxed poor mamma to let us come; and she was only too glad to consent, she is so anxious about you, Frederick."

"Ah! I knew she would be," said he, sighing deeply. "But were you not afraid?"

"We were a little at the crossing," replied Janet timidly, awed by her sister's gathering frown.

"Oh! but such an elegant stranger came to our assistance—quite a knight errant," interrupted Madelon energetically. "I was in raptures at the adventure, I assure you—a man of fortune, I'm convinced—perhaps a lord, Frederick—only think of that. He saw us here, and in fact is actually waiting for us at this moment—so we must rather hurry our visit."

"A Lord, indeed!" exclaimed Frederick contemptuously. "I'll not only bet that he's no lord—but not even a gentleman. No gentleman would feel himself authorized in addressing two unprotected girls like you. Some sharper, I'll answer for it."

"I'm sure he's not," observed Madelon, indignantly. "I never saw a gentleman, if he's not one. And as for presuming to speak to us, I'm positive he would never have dreamed of such a thing, if it hadn't been for Janet. But you know how timid and foolish she is always."

"Yes, indeed, it was all my fault," interposed Janet, in a deprecating tone, seeing her brother's rising indignation. "But don't be angry, dearest Frederick, he said nothing the least rude to us."

"And what did you say to him, Janet."

"Oh! not a word—he only talked to Madelon."

"That's right," said he, encouragingly.

"Right!" interrupted Madelon; "I can't agree with you. I think, when a person is courteous and polite, the least one can do is to show our sense of it, by gratitude and civility. I will not conceal that I was absolutely ashamed of Janet's behaviour. She not only remained quite silent and sullen, but made such a horrid, ungrateful curtsy, to his charming parting bow, that I'm quite certain he'll think she's

never had one lesson in dancing, so long as she's learnt too ! I made him one of my best, however."

"I dare say you did," rejoined Frederick, with a sarcastic smile ; "You're a great deal too forward, Madelon—always trying to brow-beat poor dear little Janet, because she's so complying and diffident. What does it signify to her what this fine stranger you're so enamoured of thinks of her, or her gracefulness either ? I'm sure Janet has no desire to please every man who falls in her way, like some young ladies I know. She ought to be more ashamed of you, dressed out, as you are, as if you were queen of a village wake."

"How ungrateful you are !" sobbed Madelon, passionately, completely overcome by this unexpected attack on her personal appearance. "I only took such pains with myself on your account, thinking I might see some of your friends."

"I haven't a friend in the world who would not instantly give the preference to Janet's simple straw bonnet, and——"

"Oh ! pray don't establish any comparisons between me and Madelon," said Janet, weeping bitterly. "She is a dear, beautiful girl, and a fond sister, and one any brother ought to be proud of, and very much attached to you, Frederick, I know. You ought not to say such unkind things to her, indeed. I expected such a happy day, but this has quite spoiled it all ;" and she wept more than ever at the thought of her disappointment. Poor Janet ! she had yet to learn that all our most pleasing anticipations end in a similar manner too often !

"Well, I am sorry if I've said any thing to annoy her," resumed Frederick, kindly. "But I wish to break her of the folly of being infatuated with every new face—it will lead her into many difficulties if she does not take care."

"You should be the last to give advice," said Madelon, sullenly, still smarting under the sense of mortified vanity, (which, if any thing, will make a woman ungenerous and relentless). "You're like every body else, more fond of finding out the imperfections of others, than correcting your own. You can't think your own conduct has been a model of prudence and obedience, I'm sure ? But you may depend on it papa will never consent to such a paltry match. He says you ought to look out for a fortune, as I mean to do."

"Oh ! don't believe her," said Janet, entreatingly, seeing Frederick's eyes suffused with tears, more at Madelon's resentful manner, than at the actual purport of her words, although that was cruel and unkind enough. "She's so angry just now, she don't care what she says ; but she'll be sorry enough for it afterwards. For every pang an unkind expression inflicts on others, returns two-fold to sting our own hearts, when the hour of calm reflection is re-awakened ; and Madelon will deplore, in the bitterness of her soul, the tear she has now forced from her brother in his sore distress. Yes, in her dreams, she'll behold and bewail that tear, dear, dear Frederick."

Had any one told the timid and shrinking Janet a quarter of an hour before that she would have dared to speak thus of Madelon—the haughty, the imperious Madelon—she would have laughed the assertion to scorn ; but she doted on her brother, and his grief made her fearless and eloquent. "And as to papa's never relenting," she con-



tinued, "don't despair of that. He never allows any one to sit in your place: and that shows he still remembers you with affection and regret: and when he blesses us all, in his evening prayer, he always names you separately, and his voice grows tremulous and low."

"It only shows the instability of Madelon's heart," said Frederick, completely subdued by this sweet home-born reminiscence of the gentle Janet, "that she can remorselessly give pain to a brother she's professed to love all her life, for the sake of the stranger of half an hour's intimacy, merely because he said a few flattering things to her, and raised hopes he may neither possess the power nor inclination to fulfil. But I've forgiven and forgotten it all, and only remember it was affection brought her here, for which I'm grateful, and love her still most dearly." In confirmation of which, he gave her a most affectionate kiss, and continued, smilingly, "The best way to escape this formidable knight, and his enchantments, is for me to see you to the coach myself; for if you, Madelon, have spirit enough to defy his necromantic spells, still, look at Janet:" and he cast a fond protecting glance on her, whose responding look seemed to say, "Look at Janet, indeed; what could she do against the arts and sophistry of a designing man?"

So, taking a sister on each arm, he walked with a proud, determined step out of the office. The stranger was impatiently waiting for them. He perceived that both the girls had been weeping, and naturally imputed it to the interview with their brother, under such painful circumstances, fully aware that the strongest, the most enduring bond of union exists in the class to which they evidently belonged (the middle—the most virtuous, the most respectable of the community): and consequently, such an estrangement as Madelon had described, must be felt most acutely by them. Seeing Frederick, and instantly divining the motive of his accompanying his lovely sisters, and for which he both admired and esteemed him; (for even the greatest libertines feel an involuntary degree of reverence and respect for the holiness of that affection which makes a brother watchful over the honour of his sisters;) he therefore refrained from approaching them, merely answering Madelon's intelligent glance of recognition with a slight but respectful bow. At first he almost felt inclined to introduce himself, and explain who he was, and what were his intentions: but he reflected how difficult it was to convince a headstrong, impetuous young man, such as he easily saw Frederick was, where there was a shadow of suspicion or doubt, ignorant as he was, too, of the world, and totally unacquainted with the rules of society; and who yet, no doubt, thought, in common with the rest of his fraternity, that he was perfectly *au fait* in all its mysteries and intrigues, and that he was not to be deceived. He contented himself, for the present, with following them to the coach; and whilst Frederick was sending a message, from the very depth of his afflicted heart, to his beloved mother, by Janet, he contrived to approach Madelon, and said in a hurried whisper, "Pray, pardon me, but in mercy tell me your name—I mean most honourably."

"Madelon Howard," she replied, and was on the point of adding her address, when Frederick turning suddenly round, caused the stranger to mingle with the crowd, and disappear instantly. Madelon

consoled herself by recalling the inspiring lines of the immortal bard, the poet, "*par excellence*," of lovers:—

"Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,  
And manage it against despairing thoughts."

Mrs. Howard, who had been a celebrated beauty in her youth, and who was, at the time of our present little narrative, still a very fine woman, had spent the whole of her life in bitterly deploring the sacrifice she made of her charms to affection, in bestowing them on Mr. Howard, which she did, in a moment of inconsiderate fondness, ere reflection had taught her the inestimable value of them, (when, in fact, the heart is only heard, and when its language is so artless and persuasive—happy age!—the infancy of feeling and sentiment,) and dearly had he paid for the flattering preference.

The man who marries a beauty is indeed to be pitied. It is the heaviest sense of obligation the human mind can be oppressed with—being eternally reminded of the burden, by the object who conferred the doubtful favour; so that every act of kindness and affection, through a long and grateful life, is rendered nugatory by the increasing regret, "that those charms have been thrown away, and that, but for the folly of listening to the suggestions of a first love, which never answers, a ducal coronet might have added splendour to the fairest brow nature ever bestowed on mortal."

She never denied that he had been invariably kind and indulgent—that he had studied her every wish, and made her life supremely happy. But "still he was a nobody: and where was the use of amiability and goodness wedded to obscurity?" She therefore took infinite pains to instil into her daughters' minds "the necessity of girls making good matches; that it was in fact, a species of ingratitude towards the Almighty not to avail themselves of the superior beauty he had bestowed upon them, in his infinite goodness, by obtaining a lord, at least, or a man of enormous fortune with a title in reversion."

Weak and frivolous in the extreme, her whole education having consisted in the perusal of poetry and romance, her mind was naturally imbued with a considerable degree of superstition and folly. She placed the utmost reliance in dreams and omens of every description—had her lucky and unlucky days: and Madelon having, on her return home, given a most exaggerated account of her rencontre with the handsome and mysterious stranger, which occurred, fortunately, on the very luckiest day in her mother's calendar, she instantly coincided in her opinion, "that he must be a lord—that he was violently in love—and that every energy of his exalted mind would now be devoted to the furtherance of his passion—that her beautiful Madelon might expect him at her feet any moment to declare the conquest of her matchless charms!"

About a fortnight after the occurrence of the events just recorded, Mrs. Howard dreamt (as she had made a regular practice of doing from the first year of her inauspicious marriage,) of a fortunate number in the lottery, then at the zenith of its fame—the forlorn hope of the credulous and discontented.



Poor Mr. Howard knew, the instant she began recounting this singular and mysterious vision, arrayed in the fascinating garb of "thirty thousand pounds," that there was another five-pound note spirited out of his pocket for ever. But he had struggled vainly against his wife's infatuation for years, and now yielded to it, "for the sake of quiet," without a remonstrance.

She and her daughters, therefore, set off for town in the highest spirits, to seek the favour of the fickle, and hitherto negligent goddess, Fortune. At the moment they were entering Mr. Bish's office on Cornhill (her favourite abode), Madelon, who always made the best use of her beautiful eyes, suddenly beheld the object of her anxiety in the midst of a group of gentlemen, with whom he was apparently in earnest conversation. She raised her hands in a state of uncontrollable delight, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma, mamma, the stranger!" Struck with the eagerness of her tone and manner, he instantly recognized the lovely girl again, and came hastily across with a countenance beaming with joyful surprise, protesting his unqualified delight at meeting her, after such long and fruitless inquiry. "Am I not indeed the favourite of chance?" he exclaimed, "and at the instant when I most despaired of her kindness. She ought to punish me for daring to doubt her goodness;—but I have suffered too much from the tortures of suspense, to fear her enmity; my anguish would have propitiated a more malignant fate." Then he entreated to be introduced to her mamma, whom he presumed it was, for Madelon had entirely engrossed his attention—so intoxicated was she at seeing him, and her undisguised manner of expressing the satisfaction she felt, was most flattering to his self-love; for where is the man proof against the witchery of woman's blandishments?

They all entered the office together, when taking out his case, he presented his card to Mrs. Howard, on which she saw engraved, "Sir Charles Linden, Bart."

Madelon was rather disappointed to find that he was only a baronet, but she thought she should be able to reconcile herself to the less dignified title, although her pet line was—

"And in soft sounds, 'your grace' salutes their ear,"

considering she should still be "my lady."

On quitting the lottery office, where he had insisted on purchasing a ticket in their united names, (finding Mrs. Howard had great faith in the magic number of three,) Sir Charles allowed Madelon and Janet to precede them; and offering his arm to their mother, entered into an animated conversation, congratulating her enthusiastically, on being the parent of two such lovely girls—gave her the most unexceptionable references to some of the highest nobility, to satisfy her of his honourable intentions, and concluded by declaring, "that he wished for a nearer and dearer connexion with her amiable family."

Mrs. Howard glanced triumphantly towards Madelon, and thought, "what a handsome couple they would make."

"Will my impatience be considered indiscreet," he resumed, "in desiring to see Mr. Howard as early as to-morrow? Oh!" he added

in a voice of deep emotion, "I have been so long in search of the happiness I am confident I have now discovered, that I am jealous of the slightest delay, fearing some envious fate may interpose to destroy the charming illusion. Do not, dearest madam, blast my rising hopes by a cold refusal—do not condemn me to eternal regret and sorrow—say I may have the interview on which depends the felicity of my future life,—say to-morrow, and pardon and forgive my impetuosity."

Mrs. Howard might have said that there was no necessity to consult Mr. Howard in the affair; she might have said that she regulated every thing of importance in their domestic establishment; and that he was a complete nonentity, particularly with respect to her daughters' settlements in life; but no! she did not know how far Sir Charles might enter into her peculiar ideas of the privileges of a wife, which she held to be illimitable. She therefore contented herself with graciously granting the consent so passionately solicited for his visit for the morrow, and they separated mutually pleased with each other; Sir Charles to rejoin his friends, and Mrs. Howard and the girls to see their dear Frederick, to impart the important news of Madelon's speedy aggrandizement. In the evening, Mrs. Howard, with that tone of exultation, which plainly implies, "There! I always told you how it would be!" astounded poor Mr. Howard with the intelligence, "that a real baronet was coming on the following day to propose for Madelon. And really, my love," she added, "do pray make yourself look as much like a gentleman as you possibly can. First appearance is everything in this world, as I always remark to the girls—see the consequence of Madelon's profiting by my advice; married at nineteen to a baronet. A man of rank, fortune, and elegance, absolutely willing to become her slave!

"This is not one of the many idle dreams of prosperity you have so often seemed to sneer at and ridicule, Mr. Howard, but a positive, undeniable fact, for there's his card;" drawing triumphantly from her pocket the precious document, and holding it before his astonished eyes, to destroy any latent doubt still daring to linger in his disgustingly sceptical mind. "What an introduction for Janet," she continued; "but she never will be like her sister! no pride—no ambition—not caring one straw how she looks. And yet, notwithstanding all that, I declare I sometimes think she is far from plain. La! I hope she'll grow a little more attentive to her personal appearance, now she sees what it has done for Madelon."

"Ah! my dear Elizabeth," said Mr. Howard, tenderly, "you'll never make Janet a second Madelon, depend upon it; they have no resemblance of disposition whatever, nor should I wish it, I confess. She is kind and amiable now, and what more is wanting in a young woman, to be happy herself, and make all around her so too."

"It's those ridiculous notions which is the ruin of the child," rejoined his wife, pettishly, "and whether you wish it or not, I shall think it my duty to eradicate them, Frederick."

Nothing could exceed the state of bustle and excitement which prevailed at the cottage next day.

"The dawn was overcast, the morning lour'd."

Although Sir Charles had fixed the time of his visit at "four o'clock, in the afternoon, positively," Mrs. Howard had the servants up by five in the morning—"There was so much to be done," she said. Every room and passage underwent a thorough scouring. All the covers were taken off the best furniture; and articles, which had not seen day-light since their own wedding-day, were brought out, and arranged in the most conspicuous manner, to dazzle their expected guest. (So little do one half of the world understand the other, that they actually thought to confound a man of rank by the splendour of four cut-glass salt-cellars, and a few other equally insignificant things.) And that is the way, by the bye, which makes people exclaim "about the great fatigue of keeping company;" they toil like slaves, to make a display, which is either totally disregarded, or held in sovereign contempt, by three-fourths of their visitors.

Mr. Howard's personal appearance was as carefully inspected, and approved, and disapproved of, till he grew angry and impatient, and the last alteration, (infinitely the worst,) was allowed to remain.

Then Madelon, precisely at ten o'clock, was ordered "to dress herself, to be in readiness to receive him," a command she obeyed willingly.

"The labour we delight in physics pain,"

she felt, as she arrayed herself in a beautiful light blue crape. (The identical ball-dress, stripped of its silver flowers, to give it a more home look, and make it pass for a dinner one.) With a small piece of elegant fancy work before her, she was placed, like a beautiful statue, in the best parlour, until the arrival of this modern Prometheus, to animate her. The weather being too unkindly humid to admit of her venturing into the garden, as her clustering ringlets would have infallibly fallen a sacrifice "to the dew of heaven," by no means desirable in Madelon's estimation, for never did they fall more gracefully over her lovely face, warm with the blushes of expectation and vanity.

Punctual to a moment, an elegant carriage drove up to the gate, from which Sir Charles bounded, with a light elastic step, and entered the cottage, followed by a servant, loaded with costly presents. He was most cordially welcomed by the delighted and anxious group, whom he highly gratified, by praising and admiring everything he beheld, protesting, "he thought the house and garden a perfect paradise." And the sun, to favour the illusion, burst through the dense clouds in a blaze of resplendent light; illuminating every external object, and harmonizing with the beaming countenances of the happy and joyous party within. Nothing so instantaneously exhilarates the spirits as that sudden transition from gloom to cheerfulness, so common to our climate. Nature seems to smile and participate in our emotions, and shed a radiance on our pleasures. Sir Charles felt this sensibly, as he kissed, in a transport of delight, the snowy hand of Madelon, who presented him a beautifully arranged bouquet with one of her most winning smiles.

It is astonishing how our generosity and affection are quickened by the gratification of our pride and vanity. Madelon was so in-



toxicated with Sir Charles's manner, that she felt as if nothing at the moment would be a sacrifice to her. She therefore whispered in a patronizing tone, "Mamma! I wonder whether Sir Charles would consider Janet too young to dine with us? I dare say she would like it, poor little thing."

"Oh, dear, no!" rejoined Mrs. Howard. "Let her come; he won't give such a child a thought."

After the dinner, (which passed off most agreeably, Sir Charles having drawn them imperceptibly into unrestrained conversation, by discovering and entering into the particular taste of each with a warmth and sincerity of tone and manner which made them feel completely at home with him, and consequently extremely happy,) he requested "to be favoured with a few moment's private conversation with Madelon, previous to declaring his intentions to the rest of the family."

Mr. Howard and Janet repaired to the garden to secure their precious carnations against an impending shower, and Mrs. Howard retired to a small fancifully furnished apartment, which she pompously designated "her boudoir," to ruminate deliciously on these agreeable events. She was lost in rather a perplexing reverie, respecting the style of Madelon's wedding-dress, and regret that Janet was not a trifle taller to make a more graceful bridesmaid—when the former burst into the room, and flinging herself on her mother's bosom, exclaimed, almost choked with passion, "O, mamma! such an insult—such a disappointment! It is not me that he is in love with—it is not me he wishes to marry,—and so rich and handsome as he is too!"

"Not you that he is in love with? Not you that he wishes to marry? Impossible!" repeated the astonished mother. "The agitation consequent upon so novel and delicate an interview has bewildered you, my darling child,—I'm sure it has."

"Oh, no, no!" sobbed the mortified girl; "I understood him only too well. It is Janet; he is wildly in love with her, absolutely raving about her beauty, her innocence, her simplicity—protested he was instantaneously captivated with her artless terror, and sweet dependence, as he terms it, (at that odious crossing,)—he entered into every particular of himself with the most aggravating minuteness—told me he was ambassador to a foreign court—had a magnificent estate in the west of England—a house in London—a large funded property, and was free to lay all at her feet, deeming the sacrifice of rank and wealth too insignificant—too contemptible—to be put in competition in exchange for such loveliness—such angelic perfection and goodness! Judge of my tortures during this recital!—of the agony I endured from the painful, the bitter consciousness that it was not to win my love, that he thus boasted of his possessions—that he thus revealed the worship of an adoring heart—that he thus forgot even common humanity, in the intoxication of expatiating on the charms he idolized, at the expense of the feelings he must know I entertained for him. He had the barbarity to conclude by observing, that he merely requested the favour of speaking to me first, that I might endeavour to interest my sister in his behalf, fearing you and papa, influenced by his station in life, and anxious for her establishment, would perhaps force her inclinations, which he would not suffer for worlds, although, he added,

and his eyes were suffused with tears, 'her refusal, Madelon, would cost me more than life?'

"O mamma! only think," she added, "of Janet's being first married, after—all—of wearing a train—and being presented! Oh, I shall never, never survive that—I'm sure I never shall!" and her tears flowed faster as this mortifying picture of her sister's triumph presented itself to her exaggerated imagination, now ready to paint everything in the most painful extreme. "But go, mamma; he is waiting anxiously for you, and assured me, 'that every moment would appear an age of intolerable tediousness, until yourself and Janet confirmed his hopes.'"

"Well, only to think of his want of taste!" observed the partial mother; "and a man of the world too—I could not have believed it!" But it was precisely because he was a man of the world that he was so enamoured with the beautiful simplicity—the perfect unsophistication of heart and mind, which so pre-eminently distinguished Janet's character, and won him, despite the superior loveliness of Madelon. It was so new—so fascinating to one accustomed only to the meretricious and artificial display of feeling—where every natural impulse is schooled to concealment, and every thought tutored to disguise and hollowness, to suit some particular scene, or gain some selfish end.

Mrs. Howard found him pacing the room with rapid strides—his countenance flushed with excitement—and his eye expressive of the most impatient anxiety.

In a few words, he more than confirmed Madelon's account of his violent prepossession in favour of her youngest daughter, imploring her "to have pity on his sufferings, assuring her that far more than life depended on her decision!" and as he stood pale and breathless before her, he did indeed give her the painful idea of a criminal awaiting that sentence which was to deprive him of hope for ever!

She soon, however, dissipated his alarm, (thinking it was better to secure him for one of her daughters than lose him for a son-in-law altogether,) wisely concealing her cruel disappointment respecting her darling hopes for Madelon; she gave a most gracious and willing assent to his wishes, and Janet, (in her simple white frock, her beautiful hair hanging in loose negligent curls over her shoulders, and her complexion heightened by air and exercise,) was duly summoned to learn the astounding and important change a few moments had effected in her innocent and tranquil life, (and never did a sweeter vision of artlessness and grace present itself to love's enraptured gaze)—

"Her soft blue eyes more deep than bright,  
Like violets slumb'ring on the ground;  
Awaken'd by the sudden light,  
The sun in gladness flings around,"

shrank abashed from the ardent and impassioned gaze of Sir Charles, who remained in an ecstasy of speechless admiration at the sudden wonder of her angelic countenance, as her mother, in as few words as possible, explained to her "the great honour Sir Charles intended her, and of her perfect acquiescence, and also that of her father."

"Me, mamma!" she exclaimed, in a voice of undisguised astonishment—"Me! I thought that Madelon was——"



"No, my love!" interrupted the wary mother, in an admonitory tone, fearing Janet might express a decided aversion for Sir Charles, and overthrow all her schemes and his hopes at once. "No, it is you, Janet, and I trust you have sense and gratitude sufficient to appreciate such extraordinary good fortune. Quite the finger of Providence pointing to you, my dear child, remember that."

"O mamma! dear mamma!" she exclaimed, bursting into tears, "what shall I do?"

"Nothing, sweet Janet," said Sir Charles, tenderly taking her hand, "nothing—nothing repugnant to your feelings. It would break my heart to cause yours the slightest uneasiness."

Janet looked up with a grateful smile; she felt the persuasiveness of truth and sincerity in those few consoling words of her lover, which assured her she was safe from violence, and her tears instantly yielded to grateful joy.

"The burst of emotion that breaks into blushes,  
When the hope-quicken'd blood through the glad bosom rushes;  
Like the flakes in the sky the ruddy sun's kist,  
As he blazes triumphant through morn's chilling mist."

Sir Charles saw the instantaneous change her thoughts had undergone, reading every emotion of her ingenuous mind in her varying and truth-telling countenance, and arguing favourably for his love from it, he led her to a seat by the hand he still fondly retained in his own, and taking one by her, he resumed, in a voice of deep emotion, as soon as Mrs. Howard had quitted the room: "Dear Janet, I must entreat you not to look upon me with distrust; nor suppose that I will, for one moment, lend myself to the schemes of your parents to induce you to accept me. No;—I must be convinced of your love—of your entire and perfect acquiescence in our union, or you will never become my wife. I could never endure to be the possessor of that hand, whose cold reluctance chilled the warmth of my own passionate heart. It is your affection I covet,—suffer me to endeavour to obtain such an inestimable treasure. Consider me, now, only as a brother,—love me as such,—until, by the fond perseverance of a devoted heart, I have awakened a stronger feeling in your timid bosom, and you really experience the blissful consciousness that it is no sacrifice to become mine. I do not despair," he added enthusiastically, "of effecting that enchanting transformation, dearest, loveliest Janet, if you will only grant me the opportunity of making the experiment. You will not deny me this?"

"Oh, no," she exclaimed, "I shall be too happy; that is," she added, blushing painfully at the unguarded energy of her tone and manner, "I shall always be delighted to see you, the same as any other of papa's friends."

He did not allow her to proceed, (interpreting her first artless exclamation most flatteringly to his own wishes, as also her evident desire to banish the impression her warmth had created, "for" as he justly thought, "were I really an object of indifference to her, would she display such extreme eagerness to rectify any unfavourable idea I may have formed?") but pressing her hand ardently, he said,

"Thank you, and bless you, for those few dear, precious words;—I will not allow another to pass those sweet lips now on the subject—lest you should cruelly destroy the fairy fabric Hope is just rearing in my bosom! Ah, dearest! you know not yet what a tenacious architect she is, building on the slightest possible foundation, but if once interrupted flies from her work, and leaves the heart a complete and melancholy ruin. But, come," he added more cheerfully, "let us seek our beautiful sister, Madelon;—I have to receive her heart's smile to make my happiness complete. What an angel would she appear to me, if I had never beheld my beautiful Janet!" Janet blushed and smiled at his ardent flattery, and conducted him to where the family were assembled waiting impatiently for them.

Mrs. Howard, at a glance, saw that all was as it should be between the lovers; and Mr. Howard was so accustomed to make her look his guide of pain or pleasure, that seeing her now all smiles, he also ventured to be happy; and Madelon, (with the natural buoyancy of her nature, and that hopefulness which was the mainspring of her heart,) soon rose above her transient disappointment, and never greeted Janet with a warmer, more heartfelt kiss, than at this moment, —or bestowed a more cordial shake of the hand on the brother of her love, than she gave the exulting, happy Sir Charles, as he whispered to her his delicious anticipations of complete success.

She thought that amongst Lady Linden's brilliant and fashionable visitors, her beauty must soon achieve even a more distinguished conquest than her sister's. "I shall not be the first," said the vain girl, mentally, "whose lovely face has won a coronet. Janet, after all, will only be a simple baronet's wife—but I may be, perhaps, the lady of a duke! who knows? I've read of much greater miracles performed by love and beauty than that!" It is hardly to be wondered at, therefore, with such ideas, that, in a very short time, Madelon learned to consider it rather a fortunate escape for her not having been the object of Sir Charles's affection, and almost pitied poor Janet "for having thrown herself away on a baronet *only*."

Daily, for two months, did the carriage of the enamoured Sir Charles Linden convey him to the cottage of the beautiful and gentle Janet Howard. He gradually unfolded the stores of her hitherto neglected mind, (all Mrs. Howard's attention having been devoted to Madelon's mental improvement).

There were books, if Janet chose to read; and there was the instrument, if Janet chose to play. But there was no eye, with the watchful anxiety of maternal tenderness, to direct the choice of the artless girl in the selection of those books only fit for the study of youth. There was no word of encouraging kindness to stimulate to exertion; no threat of disapprobation to awaken a dread of idleness and inattention. Still, Janet did read, and that with avidity; and, fortunately, the innate purity and elegance of her own mind led her to select only the most chaste and refined works. She had a decided taste for poetry and painting; and played and sang (considering the disadvantages she had laboured under) with considerable feeling and execution.

Sir Charles soon discovered the rich field he had to work upon.

Every thought was a flower, (wild, but beautiful,) which only asked the fostering hand of cultivation, to bring to the greatest perfection. As a man of the world, he was perfectly aware of the importance of Janet's possessing other qualities, besides mere external beauty, to fit her for the station he was about to exalt her to, and make her happy in it;—some accomplishments, but more particularly, sound and religious principles, to strengthen her against the seductions her extreme youth and beauty would expose her to, in a scene so new. She had virtue—the deepest, the strongest sense of virtue,—implanted in her innocent bosom by nature, but she was totally destitute of that knowledge which lends virtue a dignity, by repelling the forward, and reproving the profligate.

Then again he was conscious, that, however much he adored her for that very beauty and simplicity, the pleasing impression would fade from constant intercourse, and she must be mistress of something else, to render his marriage no source of future regret. Thus, then, in the full assurance of reaping an abundant harvest, did he apply himself to cultivate the sweet mind and disposition of his affianced wife, and never was task so profusely repaid;—each day discovering some new talent, or perfecting one already known.

Janet was supremely happy in his approbation; and her gratitude, or rather love, hourly increased for her amiable, accomplished master, who, on his part, literally worshipped his lovely pupil. But, alas! for all human anticipations of earthly happiness! how seldom are they blest with fruition. Fate joys to frustrate the schemes of puny man, and bow him, in the pride and flush of hope, beneath the unrelenting rod of disappointment and despair.

Where was there a prospect of felicity more smiling? Who could not call it almost a certainty? Would it not have appeared like folly and ingratitude in Janet and Sir Charles, to have even dreamt of pain or sorrow flinging a darkening shadow over the fair and brilliant horizon of love?

If virtue and honour may not expect a blessing on their innocent affections, who shall dare to hope for the favour of Heaven? And who durst reply to that question, the riven heart, in the rashness of its grief, has asked a myriad times before, vainly, hopelessly, and unresponded to.

Suffice it to say, that Janet was doomed to ask it all as vainly, and sorrowfully, in the anguish of her soul, and feel indeed—

“ Our first love murder'd, is the sharpest pang  
A human heart can feel.”

For, about this time, Mrs. Howard's fears were painfully awakened by an obstinate and alarming cough, and symptoms of debility, which seemed to threaten the most fatal and rapid consequences to Sir Charles's health—and her horror and grief were indescribable when she learnt from him that consumption had ever been the scourge of his family. All the sympathy of her really kind and affectionate heart was called into requisition to devise remedies to arrest the dreaded evil at its commencement, but, alas! unsuccessfully! Sir Charles grew so rapidly worse, that the short journey from town to the cottage



was too much for his wasted strength, and he was prevailed upon to accept a bed, and become a constant inmate there "until he grew stronger again."

Every selfish feeling of family aggrandizement vanished from the bosom of Mrs. Howard at the appearance of his danger, and, had he been a beggar, her anxiety would have been the same. So true it is, that woman at such times rises superior to every other consideration, save the sweet and consolatory dictates of the purest pity and compassion for suffering humanity.

"O woman! in our hours of ease,  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please;  
And variable as the shade,  
By the light quivering aspen made;—  
When pain and anguish wring the brow,  
A ministering angel thou."

Nothing could exceed the tender and unwearied care, with which she nursed him night and day, assisted by the sympathizing and warm-hearted Madelon—while poor Janet, (overwhelmed with this her first great sorrow,) never quitted her seat near the pillow on which his now languid head listlessly reclined. Poor Mr. Howard, (with every customary occupation suspended, and every domestic comfort destroyed,) bestowed every moment in search of the finest fruits and every other imaginable delicacy, calculated to tempt the fickleness of his fading appetite—"He had, alas, grown so dear to all their hearts!"

His symptoms, however, became so alarming that an immediate consultation was considered necessary, which ended in his being instantly ordered to his native air.

Then was the struggle!—With all the eloquence of the most passionate love, did he adjure Mr. and Mrs. Howard to consent to his union "with his idolized Janet, that he might bear that angel with him to the home of his ancestors, to shed a ray of hope and gladness on returning health, or," and his voice sank almost to a whisper, with profound and heart-killing emotion, "with a tear of pity and regret soften the anguish, the despair of leaving her in her loveliness for the grave!" Janet, the agonized Janet, forgetful of the bashfulness of her nature, in the mightiness of her grief, added her prayers, her entreaties to those of her almost expiring lover. But nothing would induce Mr. Howard to consent to such a step—he looked upon Janet's desire for such a thing, "as proceeding merely from a false exaltation of mind, the natural consequences of over-excited feelings in a young and artless girl, and which must subside with time and reflection." He was dearly fond of her; she had ever been the chosen child of his heart—the companion in all his harmless pursuits, and he could not bring himself to expose her, young and inexperienced as she was, to the trials and sorrows he too plainly foresaw must be the result of a marriage with an evidently fast dying man!

Had it been Madelon, indeed, he would not have hesitated; but Janet! oh! he could not think of such a thing for her! He confessed the deep interest he took in Sir Charles—the gratification he



should have derived from it, under more favourable auspices—and, drawing the weeping Janet closely to his bosom, “Go!” said the kind old man, in a voice choked by his sobs—“Go! my dear son, and endeavour to recover your health—and here Janet Howard shall remain within the shelter of a father’s arms, pure and faithful to her first innocent affection, till your return to reclaim her, should it please Divine Providence to spare me to watch over her—if not, I leave her to Him, which is better, for in all I say, ‘The Lord’s will be done.’”

Finding entreaty and expostulation alike of no avail, Sir Charles (in an agony of grief and despair) was borne to his carriage, accompanied by a friend who had been sent for express, to be conveyed to his home—the splendid home which had so shortly before awakened all the worst feelings of Madelon Howard’s heart—envy, pride, and mortification! Yet, amid the fierce anguish of that parting, did Sir Charles bear away a balm that mitigated its present agony, and proved a sweet and lasting anodyne for every pang he suffered until death. Janet, in the delirium of her grief, her arms twined tenaciously around his neck, and tears of uncontrollable sorrow streaming from her lovely eyes, imprinted a kiss—a warm, passionate kiss—on his astonished—his delighted lips. It was the first she had ever bestowed on him, and it was given unsolicited, unhopèd! What would have bribed him to have foregone that pure, that blessed token of affection? (the offspring of the heart.) Nothing, nothing! In the transport of his joy, he felt it was no sacrifice to die—his sufferings had won their earthly reward, and gave him a foretaste of what awaited him above.

I will not attempt to describe her feelings at this eventful termination of her young hopes! At his departure she discovered how dear—how precious he had become to her; and in the secret silence of her bosom, she carefully treasured every word, look, and action of the fascinating being who had magically awoke such new and delightful feelings there, and who had also taught it its first, its most poignant sorrow—a sorrow which rendered every after pang (and she had many) light in comparison—a sorrow whose leaden hand bowed her very soul to the earth, and defied it to rise again with the buoyancy of former happy artless ignorance—no, she had plucked the luscious-looking fruit of knowledge, and found it bitter to the taste, as all of earth have found, and must, till the tomb covers us and misery and disappointment together!

Sir Charles wrote by every post, and with that sanguineness of hope, which ever attends his fatal and flattering disease, “he declared himself already better,” and held out a prospect of “soon again rejoining the dear, the beloved circle he could so well, so vividly recal to his doting heart.”

On his arrival in Devonshire, he wrote again; but there was a tone of despondency and hopelessness ran through the whole letter, which painfully distressed his anxious friends for him. He said “he had suffered greatly, both bodily and mentally, from the length of the journey; and that his ‘soul was exceeding sorrowful,’ at once more entering the home of his youth, a solitary and forlorn man; that he wanted Janet’s sweet voice to speak gladness to his heart, her prayers to teach him patience and resignation, and her smile to inspire hope once

more in his despairing bosom." He also expressed his fears for his probable recovery, and for the first time confessed his apprehensions about it, and concluded by observing, "O would that I had stayed and died with you!—Death then would have been robbed of its bitterness, and the grave of its gloom! But oh! in life or death, the name, the memory of Janet Howard, will ever be most precious to the miserable, the ill-fated Charles Linden."

He wrote no more, notwithstanding the repeated and anxious letters of the heart-broken Janet, who conceived the worst surmises from his silence, which were only too soon confirmed by the following one from his only sister to her:—

"In addressing one who was so dear to my beloved and departed brother, I feel, although personally unknown, I am not addressing a stranger—that there is a tender—a mysterious intimacy established between us (the sweet, the intuitive communion of congenial minds), which destroys the chilling reserve of ceremony, and bids me call you sister!—Yes, dear Janet, I am persuaded that were we to meet in the wilds of Africa, my heart would leap to my eager lips to pronounce your identity!—There is—there can be—but one human being on the face of creation so gentle, so perfect, so truly angelic as yourself;—in fact, but one Janet Howard in the world, to teach us what perfection really is.

"I am as familiar with your sweet and amiable character, as if we had been undivided friends from childhood. How could it be otherwise, listening to its description, as I have done for so many sorrowing weeks, from the never-wearied lips of an adored and expiring brother. Your name was the first—the last they pronounced. Every tender look—every gentle word—every graceful and gracious act—were brought out, (with the stealthy caution of a miser, eager to eke out his last remnant of earthly felicity,) from the storehouse of his tenacious memory, to be luxuriated upon when every other thing had ceased to interest—when the world and all its fascinations were fast fading from his thoughts, and Death, with cold un pitying hand, was benumbing every faculty of his ardent and aspiring soul! Oh! then, when ambition, grandeur, power, riches, pride, and scorn, were held as nought, it was for innocence and virtue to retain its mighty hold, and prove how vain are all things else on earth.

"Ah! do you not wish, now, that you had been more lavish of your tenderness? Do you not lament the cold restraint that bashfulness imposed? and which withheld you from declaring all the fondness of your guileless—your ingenuous heart? Think of the joy it would have afforded your dying Charles to have known the depth of that affection he had inspired.

"But I am cruel to awaken such regrets! No, sweet Janet! you revealed more than could have been expected from your timid and retiring nature—and what you left unconfessed was a sacrifice love made to modesty, which he fully understood and appreciated—Oh! how truly, is shown in his adoration, even to the last!

Oh! my darling, unknown sister! young as you are, you may still exclaim, with profound truth and the exultation of holy piety, 'I have not lived in vain!'—Your pure, your innate love of religion and virtue,

shed a charm over suffering humanity, and mitigated the pangs of reluctant dissolution—giving our beloved Charles a foretaste of the ineffable delights awaiting those who resign themselves unmurmuringly into His hands who sent them to this state of trial and probation, only to purify and fit them for a more enduring existence, and who proves his love and approbation of them by calling them early to their change of eternal felicity. And well would it be for us, if we could all feel like you, dear Janet, the gratifying consciousness of having contributed to the future welfare and happiness of our fellow-creatures, by our good example—and winning affection alone by purity, goodness, and virtue; but few, alas! can ‘lay that flattering unction to their souls,’ and derive from it the greatest possible source of consolation under affliction, like yourself.

“Sorely as your young heart has been tried in this sad blight of its earliest affections—(the honey-drop of love’s unrifled flower—the best, the holiest feelings it awakens)—Oh, never, never known but once! for who can after think love a treasure, precious, enduring, and everlasting, who have, like you, experienced in its very infancy, how false—how fleeting is the happiness, the unpractised heart had gifted with eternity.

“Oh! the first faint flutter he creates in the delightedly-amazed bosom resembles the rosebud the sunbeam awakens to beauty, wooing it to expand in fragrance and loveliness, unconscious of the storms and canker-frost, ere long to tarnish its lustre, and crush it to the earth in its flush of dazzling beauty! O Janet, Janet! how much have you learnt of this world’s pains in an almost unreckonable space of time! Still you are not to be pitied; the truly virtuous are above earthly commiseration. They are the favoured of God (His especial care), who inflicts these light and transitory pangs, to furnish opportunities for the display of their fortitude and resignation, and bear testimony to the doubtful and wavering, ‘that all things work together for good for him that believeth in Him.’

“Nothing could exceed the calm resignation of my brother’s last moments. Our tears and prayers mingled together, and your name sprang spontaneously to the lips of both, in one long, fond blessing for you—for ever.

“The foundation of the fatal complaint, which has so cruelly and prematurely robbed me of an affectionate brother, and most precious adviser and friend, and you of a husband such as few women, (even the happiest,) could have boasted of, was laid about two years since, having broken a blood-vessel on his return from Germany, in rescuing a man, (who had accidentally fallen overboard,) from an untimely grave. Falling a sacrifice to his humanity, however, will only render him, if possible, dearer to our hearts. Do not, then, I abjure you, (in the name of him so dear to us both,) suffer the inexorable tomb to rob me of my destined sister. Let us, sweet Janet, be dear to each other for ever! Let us foster the intimacy so painfully begot in sorrow, by the lenitive and soothing hand of enduring friendship—feeling, that although our beloved Charles now slumbers in the silent grave, that his memory is still a bond of eternal union between the two beings dearest to him on earth—Janet Howard and Marianne Linden.”



## PEN AND INK SKETCHES.

## A CITY CHURCH-YARD.

THERE is something fearful in death! When one in whom has been centred our fondest affection, and whose society has been so long enjoyed as to render it almost a necessary part of our existence;—one, with whom we have been accustomed to share alike the clouds of sorrow, and the sunshine of joy;—with whom we have oftentimes delighted to take “sweet counsel;”—when such a one is laid low by the unsparing hand of death, and taken from our side;—when the tongue, whose accents ever fell sweet and soft on the listening ear, is for ever silenced;—when the bright eye, whose expressive beamings have cheered and gladdened the spirit, is for ever closed;—when the form so dear to the heart is for ever stiff and cold;—who does not *then* feel that there is something fearful in death?

And when that loved one is committed to the silence of the tomb,—“Ashes to ashes—dust to dust!”—when the grave closes over, and hides for ever that dear form from the sight, who does not feel a sadness and a loneliness of spirit come over him, like the storm-cloud brooding over the lonely vessel as it drifts on through mid-ocean to that

——— “desolate shore,  
“When the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o’er!”

And yet there is something inexpressibly soothing in the religious retirement of a rural burying-ground, where the fresh green grass clothes the gentle mound with verdure, and the autumn sunshine sleeps on its quiet bosom, and the mournful yew, or the drooping willow, cast their shadows over the mourner that weeps beneath them. There is a something which seems to whisper softly, “*There the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary are at rest.*”—REST!—that no rude blast of a cold world can disturb;—REST! still, and deep as the silent sadness that pervades the hallowed spot!

The English grave-yards at Zante and at Leghorn;—the one that contains the slumbering dust of the poet Keats at Rome;—the Strangers’ Burying-ground at Clifton, or the many lovely sanctuaries of the departed which Caroline Bowles has pictured for us,—are spots in which the weary spirit almost longs for its rest, and which seem to take away much of the bitterness from death and an early grave. But a CITY CHURCH-YARD! Oh! come and look at one, and will you not exclaim with Walter Maynard,—or rather with the bright genius who spoke through him—L. E. L., “God grant that I may never die in a city!”

Almost in the centre of London, and surrounded on two sides by offices of business, and on the other two by warehouses, the stranger may discover a small church-yard. The church has long since been destroyed by fire, but there remains this spot of consecrated ground; and that it has been used, even in late years, headstones bearing date 1826, sufficiently attest. The walls of the houses form its boundaries



on three sides, and a tall iron railing guards it on the fourth, within which is a row of elm-trees—if such diminutive, stunted, skeleton productions of vegetable nature deserve the name:—a pathway, overgrown with long grass and weeds, surrounds it;—and here and there stand the records of human frailty and mortality, raised by human grief, or (too frequently) by human pride. In some places the inscriptions, which once were traceable, are now effaced; and the monumental stone is fast following, in its decay, the cold remains of the form whose name it once bore, and above whose dust it stands. Here again, is a stone, that, broken by age, has been re-clasped with iron by the vain officiousness of some surviving friend or relative,—but which is lying in broken fragments, half-buried in earth, and overgrown with the long, damp, luxuriant grass, that seems to flourish on the corruption it covers. The earth beneath your feet is damp and soft and crumbling; and the very trees have a dampness, and a sepulchral feeling and appearance that chills the very life-blood. Whilst you stand beneath them, musing at the lesson taught you of the vanity of man, and the transience of earthly pomp and glory, and peering through the twilight shadows of a London November evening, at the tombstones around you,—the lamp at the extremity of the churchyard is lit up, and throws its flaring, flickering light across through the gloom, deepening the shadows behind the tombs, and falling with a glare on the stones immediately underneath it;—whilst anon, the noise and bustle and mingled sounds of a city still break in with a discordant jar, and fill the mind with thoughts that make it turn from the revolting, disgusting, sickening scene:—and breathing from the heart a deep-drawn sigh to relieve the oppression that weighs on it, you exclaim, “*God grant that I may never be buried in a city!*”

ARTHUR P. HOWARD.

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### TO TIME.

Oh! give me back the lily white  
That blanch'd my virgin brow,  
As lowly at the altar's pale  
I took the nuptial vow.

Oh! give me back the rose's blush  
Of maiden modesty,  
That deep beneath the bridal veil  
No eye but *his* might see.

Oh! give me back the glow of health  
That coursed through every vein,  
A purple stream of freshest hue,  
No polish'd art could feign.

Oh! give me back the blithesome step—  
The light elastic tread,  
That bore me o'er the churchyard path,  
The day that I was wed.

Oh ! give me back the spirit gay  
Which deck'd that path with flowers ;  
And thought thou ne'er could'st brush the bloom  
From these bright roseate bowers.

*Thou* hast no power now o'er the *past*,  
Who far those earth-gifts hurl'd !  
Still may'st thou bear me, like the flower,  
Unspotted from the world.

Though o'er my health a blight has gone,  
Sapping the vital vein ;  
Yet streams of Charity may flow,  
A purer *health* to gain.

Though slow, the once so sprightly step  
May surely now be found  
Firm on the "Rock of Ages" press'd—  
That consecrated ground !

In place of spirits wild, I fain  
Subdued in heart would be—  
A "bruised reed," and lowly bent  
In meek humility.

I would not, if I could, withdraw  
Oh ! Time, thy onward flow ;  
Or rob thee of thy garner'd sweets,  
For all thou canst bestow !

Since, on thy restless power I lean,  
A frail and fragile thing ;  
Oh ! bear me to the realms of bliss—  
*Gently* upon thy wing.

E. P.

*West Ashby, August 24th.*

#### THE MAN WHO WAS BORN TO BE USED BY OTHERS.

"I WAS born to be used by others," was the half pathetic, half humorous expression of my poor old friend, Humphrey Easy, whenever any fresh claim came upon his tender heart, or rather tender conscience ; for Humphrey, though well deserving the epithet of "the good," was, after all, more swayed by principle than affection, or as he phrased it, he had "too much consideration."

Humphrey was the youngest son of a family of seventeen brothers and sisters, and the last of a race of spendthrifts, whose lands, houses, and investments, had all gradually faded away, before the riotous course of a succession of *bon vivants*. Humphrey had nothing but his talents to look to, as his father said ; and, unfortunately, these were not, like those of old, of gold and of silver.

But I cannot better express his character and fortunes, or rather misfortunes, than in his own words. "I was born to be used by others," said he, the last time I dined with him, after having been called from his wine by his neighbour's servant, who said, her mistress's favourite cat would perish, as she had slipped into his wine cellar when he went to replenish his cellaret; and, as he was his own butler, and permitted no one but himself to go into this *sanctum*, he was obliged to put on his boots, call for his lantern, and proceed to the mildewed cave; "for," said he, "I can't but have some *consideration* for the poor animal." On returning, he gave loose to his reminiscences, and bitterly deplored that "he was born to be used by others." "From my very cradle," said he, "to the present time, has this been my lot."

"How so?" said I; "let me hear the dismal story."

"You shall. You know I am naturally prudent; very fond of the niceties of life; hate to be dunned; long for leisure and elegance, and have been willing to work for them; but directly I come in sight of the means, some horrid contingency arises, that throws me back. I am a perfect emblem of Sisyphus,—directly I get the stone to the top of the hill, down it comes tumbling and tearing all my labours with it. I have heard my nurse say I was weaned to make way for a friend's child, who would have died if my mother had not nourished it; and as soon as I can recollect, the cry was, directly a toy was presented to me, 'Let baby have it, there's a good boy, you should consider little Charley.' My mother had a very generous heart, and her principal aim was to make me considerate. My boyhood was a series of sacrifices. My accumulation of marbles or buttons, for I always had a turn for accumulating, were torn from me by the wants of my thoughtless brothers when debts of honour pressed them, until they were on the verge of having them liquidated by the pinching of the whole school. At length I was put out in the world, though in a worse situation than I should have been, because I gave up a cadetship (at that time the certain road to fortune), because a warm climate suited my brother better than a cold one: and 'I ought to consider his health.' Well, I did get out at last, and was getting on famously and tolerably free from 'considerations.' I had been accepted by a charming, prudent girl, and was about to be married, when my father, who was rashly speculative, had so seriously involved himself, that I was obliged to give him all I had accumulated to prevent his rotting (as he termed it) in a gaol. The lady's friends interfered, and she was carried into the country, and I never saw her again. This, however, I got over, and married Mrs. E., between ourselves, out of consideration, she having been pleased to make it a life and death matter, as her mother informed mine. However, had my consideration never proved more productive of disappointment than this, I should not have complained as I do.

"We were blest, as they say, with a speedy family, and I began to indulge in all the hopes and ambition of a patriarch; my son was to be lord chancellor, my daughters marry heroes and *millionaires*, and I prepared to educate them accordingly: but as usual, just at this time, when I was investing, as I said, my earnings in their accomplishments,

my brother perished in a shipwreck on his return from India, nothing escaping but his numerous sons and daughters, who emerged perfect paupers, having been dipped as heiresses. No one of the family but myself could give them assistance; and, as my mother wrote to me, 'of course I could not but consider their miserable state.' I did so, and turned them amongst my own, when I had the satisfaction of my niece instead of my daughter marrying the captain (who was to be the future Duke of Wellington), and the boy enlisted the affections of the heiress I had intended for my son. At last I turned my children off into the world, but in a much lower station than I had anticipated, owing to these drawbacks, and got a little breathing time. I was now beginning to place my hopes beyond the grave (I don't mean in a religious point of view—I wish I had); but I was beginning 'to pull in resolution and doubt the equivocation of the fiend,' who had thus held 'the word of promise to the hope, but broke it to the heart,' and I hoped I might have a few years of leisure and retirement. Youth was gone—manhood was declining—all the enjoyments I had sighed for began to pall on me; but still I hoped I might get a few years of ease, and leave a something behind me,—when the approaching bankruptcy of the son of the oldest friend who had served me in my youth, took all my available cash and nailed me for ten years more to smoke and business. As is universally the case, the assistance at such a sacrifice I had made for my friend was of no other service to him than the postponement of his ruin for about eighteen months, during which time, as he told me afterwards, he had suffered much more than when the crisis came. 'Single misfortunes never come alone.' While I was calculating the remnant of my fortune, I received a most heart-rending letter from the lady I had loved in my youth, whose husband had turned out a heartless swindler, who, by ill usage, had brought on a paralytic stroke which rendered her helpless, though a pauper. One of my now very few thousands went for an annuity to her, for I always considered that the love must be very tin-foolish, that would refuse such a trifle, which, if it had been consummated by marriage, would not have thought a whole fortune sufficient to show its regard.

"My father-in-law, too, died about this time. We had always considered him rich, and out of consideration to the respect due to him, I buried him in a very superb manner; but on opening the will, we found every thing bequeathed to a favourite housekeeper who had contrived entirely to supersede every one else in his affections and recollections. As I said, whether they die, or whether they live, it brings nothing to me but expense and disappointment.

"I now determined to be less considerate, and to show my firmness on the first occasion that presented itself. This was not long in occurring. One of my nephews, who had left a lucrative government situation to write theatrical criticisms in 'The Evening Ruffian,' a new independent newspaper, wrote to me for fifty pounds, to save his honour, as he said, from being called in question by a gentleman belonging to 'the Rifle Brigade.' I refused, promptly and tartly, for the first time in my life, and by return of post received a summons from the coroner to give evidence as to the suicide of 'Adolphus Augustus Orlando Albert Easy, Esq.' who had shot himself owing to some pecuniary



difficulties. This was a terrible result of my only instance of want of consideration. Besides my own remorse, which was sufficient torment, I was severely reprimanded by the coroner for my want of natural feeling, and mentioned by name in 'The Evening Ruffian' as 'one of those heartless monsters who trample on the finest fibres of the human in their lust for gold.'

"I now determined to abandon all thoughts of my own comforts and wishes, and have resigned myself entirely to the service of others, feeling convinced that, till the coffin is nailed down over me, I shall be used up by others; and then, very probably, be shuffled out of my own respectable grave, to make way for some pauper I never heard of."

When my friend had finished his tirade, I urged upon him, that, at all events, he must have had great satisfaction in the exercise of so much benevolence.

"Not a bit of it," said he, "I never had a glimpse of the feeling. I don't know what it means. I have always been cheated out of my own hopes and wishes by the idea of consideration. I don't know how it is, but I have been making the most magnanimous sacrifices all my life, without the least feeling of generosity; and amidst the universal reproaches of my best and dearest connexions of being a cold and almost heartless man. No! the fact is, I was born to be used by others, and so it will be to the end of the chapter."

"And so it shall," said I, "for I will use you up in this story, and get something out of a magazine for it." A prophecy which I hope you will help me to fulfil, Mr. Editor.

F. G. T.

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## OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

"As good almost to kill a man, as kill a good book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills Reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

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### EMERSON'S ESSAYS.\*

THE American is proud of any man, whose genius tends to give his country an apparent superiority in any pursuit; be that pursuit what it may. As is the general case with young nations, America pants with the ambition (glorious, however vain,) of accomplishing in months, what other states have found to be the labour of centuries. Jealous to an excess of its national character, almost before it has had time to attain one—burning to distinguish itself in all things that can possibly lend notoriety, from the founding a new school of metaphysics, to the new-fashioning of a hair-comb—we need not wonder that America quickly endowed Emerson with name and place. Whether the Americans understood his outpourings or not, they recognized a soul of greatness in the man; and their policy will not permit them to hide their lights under a bushel. Accordingly, travellers began to set him down among the lions; and thus tidings, that in New England, some "spiritual notability, called Emerson," was to be found, gradually made their way into Britain.

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\* Essays: by R. W. Emerson, of Concord, Massachusetts. With Preface, by Thomas Carlyle. London: Fraser. 1841.

It was lucky for Emerson that he was born in America. In England, a dozen years would have supplied him with about as many admirers. Carlyle's reputation for a long time laboured to beat down the aspersion, and worse than neglect, with which he was at first greeted; and at last reaped its reward, not in spite of what was anti-popular in his books, but because the hard crust of his style inclosed so much of that which ever captivates the public. He generally deals with recognizable persons and facts, and very seldom launches into the vague field of speculation; he loves to tread on the firm earth, and feel his footing sure. On the persons and facts he has elected to illustrate, he moralizes and reflects after his own peculiar fashion; occasionally decking his theme with a certain kind of humour, which is too original not to tell. Thus he has turned the French revolution into a magnificent heroic romance, which, were its phraseology less singular, would contain little to obstruct, and much to compel popularity. But Emerson's thoughts and conceptions lack this sensual embodiment. They are the dawnings of a vast creation, not yet perfected—obscure revelations of beauty and truth, seen through a "glass darkly." The English are with difficulty induced to sympathize with the struggles of a man, to reach the height of contemplation and wisdom; the result of his toil, pictured in some system or logical dissertation, is their sole care. Emerson just gives us the materials of thought, and then leaves us to work out a further road by ourselves; but an English reader takes up a book to avoid the trouble of thinking; he expects to find in it some system to which he can refer as an authority for all his words and deeds. The desires of such a reader, Emerson could not gratify; in his page, splendid idealisms gloam through the dark mist of a pantheistic wilderness; and we are left to disperse the dreariness in the best manner we can. Nevertheless, Emerson himself is but a restless sojourner in these wilds of Pantheism, and is earnestly seeking to wing his flight from thence into purer ether, and clearer sunshine. As the editor of the present volume of Essays remarks, "he will not long endure to be classed under *isms*."

We have, in the pages of this magazine, many a time and oft expressed our high admiration and reverence of Emerson; and therefore we may be pardoned for aught that seems depreciatory in what we have above uttered. We accept him as a stout and stalworth defender of that high school of *a priori* philosophy, the prosperity of which we have so much at heart; but to many of his tenets, we cannot render our allegiance.

But it is not our intention to treat these Essays, written by Emerson and edited by Carlyle antagonistically. All that we intend, at present, is to give our readers a just idea of their contents, by means of long extracts, and a loving commentary. A more elaborate consideration we must postpone to a future opportunity.

The best of these essays is that on "Self-Reliance." In it Emerson attempts to inculcate the doctrine, that each man should accept as his rule of conduct, not the custom of others, but what is right in his own eyes. "Good and bad," says he, "are but names very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it." This doctrine (though true) is liable to much misinterpretation; especially in the vague and paradoxical manner in which it is stated by Emerson. It might be libelled as being a sophistical excuse for vice; or ridiculed as a lame apology for individual obliquity. But if taken in its true width and depth, it forms no justification for yielding to the force of inclination; nay, in reality, exclaims against any such procedure, as an unmanly debasement. Rely on thyself, it does say; but a man's Self, and his inclinations are twain. The doctrine merely asserts the supremacy of Conscience, and declares, that when she has pronounced aught good or evil, the man should bow to her decision, regardless of the world's approval or displeasure. Man's inclinations are ever in rebellion against the dictates of conscience; and must be subdued, if not destroyed, before his true per-

sonality can be assumed. The stumbling-blocks which Emerson raises in the enunciation of this principle, wholly owe their origin to his peculiar phraseology. Thus he says, "No law can be sacred to me, but that of my nature." Now there has been such a vast clatter made concerning the light of nature, and natural reason, that pietistic prejudice holds its nose at the imagined savour of infidelity. Read, however, "No law can be sacred to me but that of my *conscience*," and every objection disappears.

Let us, however, give Emerson's bold statement in his own words:—

"Society," says he, "everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

"Whoso would be a man must be a nonconformist. He who would gather immortal palms must not be hindered by the name of goodness, but must explore if it be goodness. Nothing is at last sacred but the integrity of our own mind. Absolve you to yourself, and you shall have the suffrage of the world. I remember an answer which, when quite young, I was prompted to make to a valued adviser who was wont to importune me with the dear old doctrines of the church. On my saying, 'What have I to do with the sacredness of traditions, if I live wholly from within?' my friend suggested—'But these impulses may be from below, not from above.' I replied, 'They do not seem to me to be such; but if I am the devil's child, I will live then from the devil.' No law can be sacred to me but that of my nature. Good and bad are but names, very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it. A man is to carry himself in the presence of all opposition, as if every thing were titular and ephemeral but he. I am ashamed to think how easily we capitulate to badges and names, to large societies and dead institutions. Every decent and well-spoken individual affects and sways me more than is right. I ought to go upright and vital, and speak the rude truth in all ways. If malice and vanity wear the coat of philanthropy, shall that pass? If an angry bigot assumes this bountiful cause of abolition, and comes to me with his last news from Barbadoes, why should I not say to him, 'Go, love thy infant; love thy wood-chopper: be good-natured and modest; have that grace; and never varnish your hard, uncharitable ambition, with this incredible tenderness for black folk a thousand miles off. Thy love afar is spite at home.' Rough and graceless would be such greeting, but truth is handsomer than the affectation of love. Your goodness must have some edge to it—else it is none. The doctrine of hatred must be preached, as the counteraction of the doctrine of love when that pules and whines. I shun father and mother, and wife and brother, when my genius calls me. I would write on the lintels of the door-post, *Whim*. I hope it is somewhat better than whim at last, but we cannot spend the day in explanation. Expect me not to shew cause why I seek or why I exclude company. Then, again, do not tell me, as a good man did to-day, of my obligation to put all poor men in good situations. Are they *my* poor? I tell thee, thou foolish philanthropist, that I grudge the dollar, the dime, the cent I give to such men as do not belong to me, and to whom I do not belong. There is a class of persons to whom by all spiritual affinity I am bought and sold; for them I will go to prison, if need be; but your miscellaneous popular charities; the education at college of fools; the building of meeting-houses to the vain end to which many now stand; alms to sots; and the thousandfold Relief Societies;—though I confess with shame I sometimes succumb and give the dollar, it is a wicked dollar which by and by I shall have the manhood to withhold.

"Virtues are, in the popular estimate, rather the exception than the rule.



There is the man *and* his virtues. Men do what is called a good action, as some piece of courage or charity, much as they would pay a fine in expiation of daily non-appearance on parade. Their works are done as an apology or extenuation of their living in the world,—as invalids and the insane pay a high board. Their virtues are penances. I do not wish to expiate, but to live. My life is not an apology, but a life. It is for itself, and not for a spectacle. I much prefer that it should be of a lower strain, so it be genuine and equal, than that it should be glittering and unsteady. I wish it to be sound and sweet, and not to need diet and bleeding. My life should be unique; it should be an alms, a battle, a conquest, a medicine. I ask primary evidence that you are a man, and refuse this appeal from the man to his actions. I know that for myself it makes no difference whether I do or forbear those actions which are reckoned excellent. I cannot consent to pay for a privilege where I have intrinsic right. Few and mean as my gifts may be, I actually am, and do not need for my own assurance or the assurance of my fellows, any secondary testimony.

"What I must do, is all that concerns me; not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

"The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you, is, that it scatters your force. It loses your time, and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible Society, vote with a great party either for the government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers,—under all these screens, I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. And, of course, so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your thing, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic, the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution, he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side—the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four: so that every word they say chagrins us, and we know not where to begin to set them right. Meantime nature is not slow to equip us in the prison-uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression. There is a mortifying experience in particular, which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean, 'the foolish face of praise,' the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved, but moved by a low usurping wilfulness, grow tight about the outline of the face, and make the most disagreeable sensation,—a sensation of rebuke and warning which no brave young man will suffer twice.

"For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure. And



therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlour. If this aversation had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own, he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause,—disguise no god, but are put on and off as the wind blows and a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent; for they are timid, as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

"The other terror that scares us from self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word, because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to disappoint them.

"But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this monstrous corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. Trust your emotion. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity: yet when the devout motions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and colour. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hand of the harlot, and flee.

"A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips! Sew them up with packthread, do. Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict every thing you said to-day. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood. Misunderstood! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

"I suppose no man can violate his nature. All the sallies of his will are rounded in by the law of his being, as the inequalities of Andes and Himalah are insignificant in the curve of the sphere. Nor does it matter how you gauge and try him. A character is like an acrostic or Alexandrian stanza;—read it forward, backward, or across, it still spells the same thing. In this pleasing contrite wood-life which God allows me, let me record day by day my honest thought, without prospect or retrospect, and I cannot doubt it would be found symmetrical, though I mean it not, and see it not. My book should smell of pines and resound with the hum of insects. The swallow over my window should interweave that thread or straw he carries in his bill into my web also. We pass for what we are. Character teaches above our wills. Men imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt actions, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment.

"Fear never but you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of

when seen at a little distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. This is only microscopic criticism. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself, and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now. Greatness always appeals to the future. If I can be great enough now to do right and scorn eyes, I must have done so much right before as to defend me now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances, and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. There they all stand, and shed an united light on the advancing actor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels to every man's eye. That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's voice, and dignity into Washington's port, and America into Adams's eye. Honour is venerable to us, because it is no ephemeris. It is always ancient virtue. We worship it to-day, because it is not of to-day. We love it and pay it homage, because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shewn in a young person."

Again:—

"Man does not stand in awe of man, nor is the soul admonished to stay at home, to put itself in communication with the internal ocean, but it goes abroad to beg a cup of water of the urns of men. We must go alone. Isolation must precede true society. I like the silent church before the service begins, better than any preaching. How far off, how cool, how chaste the persons look, begirt each one with a precinct or sanctuary! So let us always sit. Why should we assume the faults of our friend, or wife, or father, or child, because they sit around our hearth, or are said to have the same blood? All men have my blood, and I have all men's. Not for that will I adopt their petulance or folly, even to the extent of being ashamed of it. But your isolation must not be mechanical, but spiritual, that is, must be elevation. At times the whole world seems to be in conspiracy to importune you with emphatic trifles. Friend, client, child, sickness, fear, want, charity, all knock at once at thy closet-door and say, 'Come out unto us.'—Do not spill thy soul; do not all descend; keep thy state; stay at home in thine own heaven; come not for a moment into their facts, into their hubbub of conflicting appearances, but let in the light of thy law on their confusion. The power men possess to annoy me, I give them by a weak curiosity. No man can come near me but through my act. 'What we love, that we have; but by desire we bereave ourselves of the love.'

"If we cannot at once rise to the sanctities of obedience and faith, let us at least resist our temptations, let us enter into the state of war, and wake Thor and Woden, courage and constancy, in our Saxon breasts. This is to be done in our smooth times by speaking the truth. Check this lying hospitality and lying affection. Live no longer to the expectation of these deceived and deceiving people with whom we converse. Say to them, O father, O mother, O wife, O brother, O friend, I have lived with you after appearances hitherto. Henceforward I am the truth's. Be it known unto you that henceforward I obey no law less than the eternal law. I will have no covenants but proximities. I shall endeavour to nourish my parents, to support my family, to be the chaste husband of one wife,—but these relations I must fill after a new and unprecedented way. I appeal from your customs. I must be myself. I cannot break myself any longer for you, or you. If you can love me for what I am, we shall be the happier. If you cannot, I will still seek to deserve that you should. I must be myself. I will not

hide my tastes or aversions. I will so trust that what is deep is holy, that I will do strongly before the sun and moon whatever inly rejoices me, and the heart appoints. If you are noble, I will love you; if you are not, I will not hurt you and myself by hypocritical attentions. If you are true, but not in the same truth with me, cleave to your companions; I will seek my own. I do this not selfishly, but humbly and truly. It is alike your interest and mine and all men's, however long we have dwelt in lies, to live in truth. Does this sound harsh to-day? You will soon love what is dictated by your nature as well as mine; and if we follow the truth, it will bring us out safe at last.—But so you may give these friends pain. Yes, but I cannot sell my liberty and my power, to save their sensibility. Besides, all persons have their moments of reason, when they look out into the region of absolute truth; then will they justify me and do the same thing.

“The populace think that your rejection of popular standards is a rejection of all standard, and mere antinomianism; and the bold sensualist will use the name of philosophy to gild his crimes. But the law of consciousness abides. There are two confessionals, in one or the other of which we must be shriven. You may fulfil your round of duties by clearing yourself in the *direct*, or in the *reflex* way. Consider whether you have satisfied your relations to father, mother, cousin, neighbour, town, cat, and dog; whether any of these can upbraid you. But I may also neglect this reflex standard, and absolve me to myself. I have my own stern claims and perfect circle. It denies the name of duty to many offices that are called duties. But if I can discharge its debts, it enables me to dispense with the popular code. If any one imagines that this law is lax, let him keep its commandment one day.

“And truly it demands something godlike in him who has cast off the common motives of humanity, and has ventured to trust himself for a taskmaster. High be his heart, faithful his will, clear his sight, that he may in good earnest be doctrine, society, law to himself, that a simple purpose may be to him as strong as iron necessity is to others.

“If any man consider the present aspects of what is called by distinction *society*, he will see the need of these ethics. The sinew and heart of man seem to be drawn out, and we are become timorous desponding whimperers. We are afraid of truth, afraid of fortune, afraid of death, and afraid of each other. Our age yields no great and perfect persons. We want men and women who shall renovate life and our social state, but we see that most natures are insolvent; cannot satisfy their own wants, have an ambition out of all proportion to their practical force, and so do lean and beg day and night continually. Our housekeeping is mendicant; our arts, our occupations, our marriages, our religion we have not chosen, but society has chosen for us. We are parlour soldiers. The rugged battle of fate, where strength is born, we shun.

“If our young men miscarry in their first enterprizes, they lose all heart. If the young merchant fails, men say he is *ruined*. If the finest genius studies at one of our colleges, and is not installed in an office within one year afterwards in the cities or suburbs of Boston or New York, it seems to his friends and to himself that he is right in being disheartened and in complaining the rest of his life. A sturdy lad from New Hampshire or Vermont, who in turn tries all the professions, who *teams it, farms it, peddles*, keeps a school, preaches, edits a newspaper, goes to Congress, buys a township, and so forth, in successive years, and always, like a cat, falls on his feet, is worth a hundred of these city dolls. He walks abreast with his days, and feels no shame in not ‘studying a profession,’ for he does not postpone his life, but lives already. He has not one chance, but a hundred chances. Let a stoic arise who shall reveal the resources of man, and tell men they are not leaning willows, but can and must detach themselves; that with the exercise of self-trust, new powers shall appear; that a man is the word made flesh, born to shed healing to the nations; that he should be ashamed of our compassion;



and that the moment he acts from himself, tossing the laws, the books, idolatries, and customs out of the window, we pity him no more, but thank and revere him;—and that teacher shall restore the life of man to splendour, and make his name dear to all history.”

Let the reader turn Ostrich, and digest these sentences, as best he may.

The essay on “Compensation” is exceedingly beautiful. It exhibits the perfect justice that prevails throughout the universe; and declares that every apparent defect is compensated by a correspondent excellence—that, in reality, though there be variety, there is no inequality. The exemplification of this gives Mr. Emerson opportunity for the introduction of much noble prose poetry: but mindful of our limited space, we shall launch at once into the consideration of “*Spiritual Laws*.”

Emerson's philosophy will not permit the world we live in to be libelled. It is in his estimation, what its Maker declared it to be—very good. It is good because fitted for man; if we think it deformed, our thought convicts us of deformity ourselves. But common speculatists argue as if men, instead of being the lords of the creation, were its slaves; and thus self-degraded from their rightful dignity, they believe themselves miserable; exaggerate their sorrows; and are wretches because they will be so. But however cloudy we may make the present, the past revels in a sunshine of its own.

“When we look at ourselves,” says Emerson, “in the light of thought, we discover that our life is embosomed in beauty. Behind us, as we go, all things assume pleasing forms, as clouds do far off. Not only things familiar and stale, but even the tragic and terrible, are comely, as they take their place in the pictures of memory. The river-bank, the weed at the water-side, the old house, the foolish person,—however neglected in the passing,—have a grace in the past. Even the corpse that has lain in the chambers has added a solemn ornament to the house. The soul will not know either deformity or pain. If in the hours of clear reason we should speak the severest truth, we should say, that we had never made a sacrifice. In these hours the mind seems so great, that nothing can be taken from us that seems much. All loss, all pain is particular: the universe remains to the heart unhurt. Distress never, trifles never abate our trust. No man ever stated his griefs as lightly as he might. Allow for exaggeration in the most patient and sorely ridden hack that ever was driven. For it is only the finite that has wrought and suffered; the infinite lies stretched in smiling repose.

“The intellectual life may be kept clean and healthful, if man will live the life of nature, and not import into his mind difficulties which are none of his. No man need be perplexed in his speculations. Let him do and say what strictly belongs to him, and, though very ignorant of books, his nature shall not yield him any intellectual obstructions and doubts. Our young people are diseased with the theological problems of original sin, origin of evil, predestination, and the like. These never presented a practical difficulty to any man,—never darkened across any man's road, who did not go out of his way to seek them. These are the soul's mumps and measles and hooping-coughs; and those who have not caught them cannot describe their health or prescribe the cure. A simple mind will not know these enemies. It is quite another thing that he should be able to give account of his faith, and expound to another the theory of his self-union and freedom. This requires rare gifts. Yet without this self-knowledge, there may be a sylvan strength and integrity in that which he is. ‘A few strong instincts and a few plain rules’ suffice us.

“My will never gave the images in my mind the rank they now take. The regular course of studies, the years of academical and professional education, have not yielded me better facts than some idle books under the bench at the Latin school. What we do not call education is more precious than that which we call so. We form no guess, at the time of receiving a



thought, of its comparative value. And education often wastes its efforts in attempts to thwart and baulk this natural magnetism, which with sure discrimination selects its own.

"In like manner, our moral nature is vitiated by any interference of our will. People represent virtue as a struggle, and take to themselves great airs upon their attainments; and the question is everywhere vexed, when a noble nature is commended, Whether the man is not better who strives with temptation? But there is no merit in the matter. Either God is there, or he is not there. We love characters in proportion as they are impulsive and spontaneous. The less a man thinks or knows about his virtues, the better we like him. Timoleon's victories are the best victories; which ran and flowed like Homer's verses, Plutarch said. When we see a soul whose acts are all regal, graceful and pleasant as roses, we must thank God that such things can be and are, and not turn sourly on the angel, and say, 'Crump is a better man with his grunting resistance to all his native devils.'

"Not less conspicuous is the preponderance of nature over will in all practical life. There is less intention in history than we ascribe to it. We impute deep-laid, far-sighted plans to Cæsar and Napoleon; but the best of their power was in nature, not in them. Men of an extraordinary success, in their honest moments have always sung, 'Not unto us, not unto us.' According to the faith of their times, they have built altars to Fortune or to Destiny, or to St. Julian. Their success lay in their parallelism to the course of thought, which found in them an unobstructed channel; and the wonders of which they were the visible conductors seemed to the eye their deed. Did the wires generate the galvanism? It is even true that there was less in them on which they could reflect than in another; as the virtue of a pipe is to be smooth and hollow. That which externally seemed will and immovableness, was willingness and self-annihilation. Could Shakspeare give a theory of Shakspeare? Could ever a man of prodigious mathematical genius convey to others any insight into his methods? If he could communicate that secret, instantly it would lose all its exaggerated value, blending with the daylight and the vital energy, the power to stand and to go.

"The lesson is forcibly taught by these observations, that our life might be much easier and simpler, than we make it; that the world might be a happier place than it is; that there is no need of struggles, convulsions, and despairs, of the wringing of the hands and the gnashing of the teeth; that we miscreate our own evils. We interfere with the optimism of nature; for, whenever we get this vantage-ground of the past, or of a wiser mind in the present, we are able to discern that we are begirt with spiritual laws which execute themselves.

"The face of external nature teaches the same lesson with calm superiority. Nature will not have us fret and fume. She does not like our benevolence or our learning, much better than she likes our frauds and wars. When we come out of the Caucus, or the Bank, or the Abolition-convention, or the Temperance-meeting, or the Transcendental club, into the fields and woods, she says to us, 'So hot? my little sir.'

"We are full of mechanical actions. We must needs intermeddle, and have things in our own way, until the sacrifices and virtues of society are odious. Love should make joy; but our benevolence is unhappy. Our Sunday-schools, and churches, and pauper-societies, are yokes to the neck. We pain ourselves to please nobody. There are natural ways of arriving at the same ends at which these aim, but do not arrive. Why should all virtue work in one and the same way? Why should all give dollars? It is very inconvenient to us country folk, and we do not think any good will come of it. We have not dollars. Merchants have: let them give them. Farmers will give corn. Poets will sing. Women will sew. Labourers will lend a hand. The children will bring flowers. And why drag this dead weight of a Sunday-school over the whole Christendom? It is natural and beautiful that childhood should inquire, and maturity should teach; but it is time

enough to answer questions when they are asked. Do not shut up the young people against their will in a pew, and force the children to ask them questions for an hour against their will.

"If we look wider, things are all alike; laws, and letters, and creeds, and modes of living, seem a travestie of truth. Our society is encumbered by ponderous machinery, which resembles the endless aqueducts which the Romans built over hill and dale, and which are superseded by the discovery of the law that water rises to the level of its source. It is a Chinese wall, which any nimble Tartar can leap over. It is a standing army, not so good as a peace. It is a graduated, titled, richly appointed Empire, quite superfluous when Town-meetings are found to answer just as well.

"Let us draw a lesson from nature, which always works by short ways. When the fruit is ripe, it falls. When the fruit is despatched, the leaf falls. The circuit of the waters is mere falling. The walking of man and all animals is a falling forward. All our manual labour and works of strength, as prying, splitting, digging, rowing, and so forth, are done by dint of continual falling; and the globe, earth, moon, comet, sun, star, fall for ever and ever.

"The simplicity of the universe is very different from the simplicity of a machine. He who sees moral nature out and out, and thoroughly knows how knowledge is acquired and character formed, is a pedant. The simplicity of nature is not that which may easily be read, but is inexhaustible. The last analysis can no wise be made. We judge of a man's wisdom by his hope, knowing that the perception of the inexhaustibleness of nature is an immortal youth. The wild fertility of nature is felt in comparing our rigid names and reputations with our fluid consciousness. We pass in the world for sects and schools, for erudition and piety; and we are all the time jejune babes. One sees very well how Pyrrhonism grew up. Every man sees that he is at that middle point whereof every thing may be affirmed and denied with equal reason. He is old, he is young, he is very wise, he is altogether ignorant. He hears and feels what you say of the seraphim and of the tin-pedlar. There is no permanent wise man, except in the figment of the stoics. We side with the hero, as we read or paint, against the coward and the robber; but we have been ourselves that coward and robber, and shall be again, not in the low circumstance, but in comparison with the grandeurs possible to the soul.

"A little consideration of what takes place around us every day would shew us that a higher law than that of our will regulates events; that our painful labours are very unnecessary, and altogether fruitless; that only in our easy, simple, spontaneous action are we strong, and by contenting ourselves with obedience we become divine. Belief and love,—a believing love will relieve us of a vast load of care. O my brothers, God exists. There is a soul at the centre of nature, and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the universe. It has so infused its strong enchantment into nature, that we prosper when we accept its advice; and when we struggle to wound its creatures, our hands are glued to our sides, or they beat our own breasts. The whole course of things goes to teach us faith. We need only obey. There is guidance for each of us, and by lowly listening we shall hear the right word. Why need you choose so painfully your place, and occupation, and associates, and modes of action and of entertainment? Certainly there is a possible right for you, that precludes the need of balance and wilful election. For you there is a reality, a fit place and congenial duties. Place yourself in the middle of the stream of power and wisdom which flows into you as life, place yourself in the full centre of that flood, then you are without effort impelled to truth, to right, and a perfect contentment. Then you put all gainsayers in the wrong. Then you are the world, the measure of right, of truth, of beauty. If we will not be marplots with our miserable interferences, the work, the society, letters, arts, science, religion of men, would go on far better than now; and the Heaven predicted from the begin-

ning of the world, and still predicted from the bottom of the heart, would organize itself, as do now the rose, and the air, and the sun."

The world, in the opinion of Emerson, must be just. It never reputes a man wrongly; but whether as hero or driveller accepts your own measure of doing and being. "Every man," he declares, "passes for that he is worth. Very idle is all curiosity concerning other people's estimate of us, and idle is all fear of remaining unknown. If a man know that he can do any thing,—that he can do it better than any one else,—he has a pledge of the acknowledgment of that fact by all persons. The world is full of judgment-days, and into every assembly that a man enters, in every action he attempts, he is gauged and stamped. In every troop of boys that whoop and run in each yard and square, a new comer is as well and accurately weighed in the balance, in the course of a few days, and stamped with his right number, as if he had undergone a formal trial of his strength, speed, and temper. A stranger comes from a distant school, with better dress, with trinkets in his pockets, with airs, and pretensions: an old boy sniffs thereat, and says to himself, 'It's of no use: we shall find him out to-morrow.' 'What hath he done?' is the divine question which searches men, and transpierces every false reputation. A fop may sit in any chair of the world, nor be distinguished for his hour from Homer and Washington; but there can never be any doubt concerning the respective ability of human beings, when we seek the truth. Pretension may sit still, but cannot act. Pretension never feigned an act of real greatness. Pretension never wrote an Iliad, nor drove back Xerxes, nor christianized the world, nor abolished slavery.

"Always as much virtue as there is, as much appears; as much goodness as there is, so much reverence it commands. All the devils respect virtue. The high, the generous, the self-devoted sect will always instruct and command mankind. Never a sincere word was utterly lost. Never a magnanimity fell to the ground. Always the heart of man greets and accepts it unexpectedly. A man passes for that he is worth. What he is, engraves itself on his face, on his form, on his fortunes, in letters of light, which all men may read but himself. Concealment avails him nothing; boasting, nothing. There is confession in the glances of our eyes, in our smiles, in salutations, and the grasp of hands. His sin bedaubes him, mars all his good impression. Men know not why they do not trust him; but they do not trust him. His vice glasses his eye, demeans his cheek, pinches the nose, sets the mark of the beast on the back of the head, and writes, O fool! fool! on the forehead of a king.

"If you would not be known to do anything, never do it. A man may play the fool in the drifts of a desert, but every grain of sand shall seem to see. He may be a solitary eater, but he cannot keep his foolish counsel. A broken complexion, a swinish look, ungenerous acts, and the want of due knowledge,—all blab. Can a Cook, a Chiffinch, an Iachimo, be mistaken for Zeno or Paul? Confucius exclaimed, 'How can a man be concealed; How can a man be concealed!'

"On the other hand, the hero fears not, that if he withhold the avowal of a just and brave act, it will go unwitnessed and unloved. One knows it,—himself,—and is pledged by it to sweetness of peace, and to nobleness of aim, which will prove in the end a better proclamation of it than the relating of the incident. Virtue is the adherence in action to the nature of things, and the nature of things makes it prevalent. It consists in a perpetual substitution of being for seeming, and with sublime propriety God is described as saying I AM.

"The lesson which all these observations convey, is, Be, and not seem. Let us acquiesce. Let us take our bloated nothingness out of the path of the divine circuits. Let us unlearn our wisdom of the world. Let us lie low in the Lord's power, and learn that truth alone makes rich and great.

"If you visit your friend, why need you apologize for not having visited him, and waste his time and deface your own act? Visit him now. Let



him feel that the highest love has come to see him, in thee its lowest organ. Or why need you torment yourself and friend by secret self-reproaches that you have not assisted him or complimented him with gifts and salutations heretofore? Be a gift and a benediction. Shine with real light, and not with the borrowed reflection of gifts. Common men are apologies for men; they bow the head, they excuse themselves with prolix reasons, they accumulate appearances, because the substance is not.

"We are full of these superstitions of sense, the worship of magnitude. God loveth not size: whale and minnow are of like dimension. But we call the poet inactive, because he is not a president, a merchant, or a porter. We adore an institution, and do not see that it is founded on a thought which we have. But real action is in silent moments. The epochs of our life are not in the visible facts of our choice of a calling, our marriage, our acquisition of an office, and the like; but in a silent thought by the way-side as we walk; in a thought which revises our entire manner of life, and says, 'Thus hast thou done, but it were better thus.' And all our after years, like menials, do serve and wait on this, and according to their ability, do execute its will. This revisal or correction is a constant force, which, as a tendency, reaches through our lifetime. The object of the man, the aim of these moments, is to make daylight shine through him, to suffer the law to traverse his whole being without obstruction, so that, on what point soever of his doing your eye falls, it shall report truly of his character, whether it be his diet, his house, his religious forms, his society, his mirth, his vote, his opposition. Now he is not homogeneous, but heterogeneous, and the ray does not traverse; there are no thorough lights: but the eye of the beholder is puzzled, detecting many unlike tendencies, and a life not yet at one.

"Why should we make it a point with our false modesty to disparage that man we are, and that form of being assigned to us? A good man is contented. I love and honour Epaminondas, but I do not wish to be Epaminondas. I hold it more just to love the world of this hour than the world of his hour. Nor can you, if I am true, excite me to the least uneasiness by saying, 'He acted, and thou sittest still.' I see action to be good, when the need is, and sitting still to be also good. Epaminondas, if he was the man I take him for, would have sat still with joy and peace, if his lot had been mine. Heaven is large, and affords space for all modes of love and fortitude. Why should we be busy-bodies and superserviceable? Action and inaction are alike to the true. One piece of the tree is cut for a weather-cock, and one for the sleeper of a bridge; the virtue of the wood is apparent in both.

"I desire not to disgrace the soul. The fact that I am here, certainly shews me that the soul had need of an organ here. Shall I not assume the post? Shall I skulk and dodge and duck with my unseasonable apologies and vain modesty, and imagine my being here impertinent? less pertinent than Epaminondas or Homer being there? and that the soul did not know its own needs? Besides, without any reasoning on the matter, I have no discontent. The good soul nourishes me always, unlocks new magazines of power and enjoyment to me every day. I will not meanly decline the immensity of good, because I have heard that it has come to others in another shape.

"Besides, why should we be cowed by the name of Action? 'Tis a trick of the senses,—no more. We know that the ancestor of every action is a thought. The poor mind does not seem to itself to be any thing, unless it have an outside badge,—some Gentoo diet, or Quaker coat, or Calvinistic prayer-meeting, or philanthropic society, or a great donation, or a high office, or, any how, some wild contrasting action to testify that it is somewhat. The rich mind lies in the sun and sleeps, and is Nature. To think is to act.

"Let us, if we must have great actions, make our own so. All action is of an infinite elasticity, and the least admits of being inflated with the celestial



air until it eclipses the sun and moon. Let us seek *one* peace by fidelity. Let me do my duties. Why need I go gadding into the scenes and philosophy of Greek and Italian history, before I have washed my own face, or justified myself to my own benefactors? How dare I read Washington's campaigns, when I have not answered the letters of my own correspondents? Is not that a just objection to much of our reading? It is a pusillanimous desertion of our work to gaze after our neighbours. It is peeping. Byron says of Jack Bunting,

'He knew not what to say, and so he swore.'

I may say it of our preposterous use of books: 'He knew not what to do, and so *he read*.' I can think of nothing to fill my time with, and so, without any constraint, I find the *Life of Brant*. It is a very extravagant compliment to pay to Brant, or to General Schuyler, or to General Washington. My time should be as good as their time: my world, my facts, all my net of relations as good as theirs, or either of theirs. Rather let me do my work so well that other idlers, if they choose, may compare my texture with the texture of these, and find it identical with the best.

"This over-estimate of the possibilities of Paul and Pericles, this under-estimate of our own, comes from a neglect of the fact of an identical nature. Buonaparte knew but one Merit, and rewarded in one and the same way the good soldier, the good astronomer, the good poet, the good player. Thus he signified his sense of a great fact. The poet uses the names of Cæsar, of Tamerlane, of Bonduca, of Belisarius; the painter uses the conventional story of the Virgin Mary, of Paul, of Peter. He does not, therefore, defer to the nature of these accidental men, of these stock heroes. If the poet write a true drama, then he is Cæsar, and not the player of Cæsar; then the self-same strain of thought, emotion as pure, wit as subtle, motions as swift, mounting, extravagant, and a heart as great, self-sufficing, dauntless, which on the waves of its love and hope can uplift all that is reckoned solid and precious in the world, palaces, gardens, money, navies, kingdoms,—marking its own incomparable worth by the slight it casts on these gauds of men,—these all are his, and by the power of these he rouses the nations. But the great names cannot stead him, if he have not life himself. Let a man believe in God, and not in names and places and persons. Let the great soul incarnated in some woman's form, poor and sad and single, in some Dolly or Joan, go out to service, and sweep chambers and scour floors, and its effulgent day-beams cannot be muffled or hid, but to sweep and scour will instantly appear supreme and beautiful actions, the top and radiance of human life, and all people would get mops and brooms; until, lo, suddenly the great soul has enshrined itself in some other form, and done some other deed, and that is now the flower and head of all living nature.

"We are the photometers, we the irritable gold-leaf and tin-foil that measure the accumulations of the subtle element. We know the authentic effects of the true fire through every one of its million disguises."

We are next treated with some exquisite thoughts on that most delightful of all words—Love! We will not describe or criticise, but quote.

"Every soul is a celestial Venus to every other soul. The heart has its sabbaths and jubilees, in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances. Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. Love is our highest word, and the synonym of God. Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfilments; each of its joys ripens into a new want. Nature, uncontainable, flowing, forelooking, in the first sentiment of kindness anticipates already a benevolence which shall lose all particular regards in its general light. The introduction to this felicity is in a private and tender relation of one to one, which is the enchantment of human life; which, like a certain divine rage and enthusiasm, seizes on man at one period, and works a revolution in his mind and body; unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and

civic relations, carries him with new sympathy into nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage, and gives permanence to human society.

"The natural association of the sentiment of love with the heyday of the blood seems to require that in order to portray it in vivid tints, which every youth and maid should confess to be true to their throbbing experience, one must not be too old. The delicious fancies of youth reject the least savour of a mature philosophy, as chilling with age and pedantry their purple bloom. And therefore I know I incur the imputation of unnecessary hardness and stoicism from those who compose the Court and Parliament of Love. But from these formidable censors I shall appeal to my seniors. For it is to be considered, that this passion of which we speak, though it begin with the young, yet forsakes not the old, or rather suffers no one who is truly its servant to grow old, but makes the aged participators of it, not less than the tender maiden, though in a different and nobler sort. For it is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nature with its generous flames. It matters not, therefore, whether we attempt to describe the passion at twenty, at thirty, or at eighty years. He who paints it at the first period will lose some of its later, he who paints it at the last, some of its earlier traits. Only it is to be hoped that, by patience and the Muses' aid, we may attain to that inward view of the law, which shall describe a truth ever young, ever beautiful, so central that it shall commend itself to the eye at whatever angle beholden.

"And the first condition is, that we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to the actual, to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in hope, and not in history. For each man sees his own life defaced and disfigured, as the life of man is not, to his imagination. Each man sees over his own experience a certain slime of error, whilst that of other men looks fair and ideal. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which make the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink and shrink. Alas! I know not why, but infinite compunctions embitter in mature life all the remembrances of budding sentiment, and cover every beloved name. Every thing is beautiful seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour, if seen as experience. Details are always melancholy; the plan is seemly and noble. It is strange how painful is the actual world,—the painful kingdom of time and place. There dwells care and canker and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the Muses sing. But with names and persons, and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday, is grief.

"The strong bent of nature is seen in the proportion which this topic of personal relations usurps in the conversation of society. What do we wish to know of any worthy person so much as how he has sped in the history of this sentiment? What books in the circulating libraries circulate? How we glow over these novels of passion, when the story is told with any spark of truth and nature! And what fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them before, and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance, or betray a deep emotion, and we are no longer strangers. We understand them, and take the warmest interest in the developement of the romance. All mankind love a lover. The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teases the girls about the school-house door;—but to-day he comes running into the entry, and meets one fair child arranging her satchel; he holds her

books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him: and these two little neighbours, that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality. Or who can avert his eyes from the engaging, half-artful, half-artless ways of school-girls who go into the country shops to buy a skein of silk or a sheet of paper, and talk half an hour about nothing with the broad-faced, good-natured shop-boy? In the village they are on a perfect equality, which love delights in, and without any coquetry the happy, affectionate nature of woman flows out in this pretty gossip. The girls may have little beauty, yet plainly do they establish between them and the good boy the most agreeable, confiding relations, what with their fun and their earnest, about Edgar, and Jonas, and Almira, and who was invited to the party, and who danced at the dancing-school, and when the singing-school would begin, and other nothings concerning which the parties cooed. By and by that boy wants a wife, and very truly and heartily will he know where to find a sincere and sweet mate, without any risk such as Milton deploras as incident to scholars and great men."

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"The passion remakes the world for the youth. It makes all things alive and significant. Nature grows conscious. Every bird on the boughs of the tree sings now to his heart and soul. Almost the notes are articulate. The clouds have faces as he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass, and the peeping flowers, have grown intelligent; and almost he fears to trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. Yet nature soothes and sympathises. In the green solitude he finds a dearer home than with men.

'Fountain-heads and pathless groves,  
Places which pale passion loves,  
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls  
Are safely housed, save bats and owls,  
A midnight bell, a passing groan,—  
These are the sounds we feed upon.'

"Behold there in the wood the fine madman! He is a palace of sweet sounds and sights; he dilates; he is twice a man; he walks with arms akimbo; he soliloquises; he accosts the grass and the trees; he feels the blood of the violet, the clover, and the lily, in his veins; and he talks with the brook that wets his foot.

"The causes that have sharpened his perceptions of natural beauty have made him love music and verse. It is a fact often observed, that men have written good verses under the inspiration of passion, who cannot write well under any other circumstances.

"The like force has the passion over all his nature. It expands the sentiment; it makes the clown gentle, and gives the coward heart. Into the most pitiful and abject it will infuse a heart and courage to defy the world, so only it have the countenance of the beloved object. In giving him to another, it still more gives him to himself. He is a new man, with new perceptions, new and keener purposes, and a religious solemnity of character and aims. He does not longer appertain to his family and society. *He* is somewhat. *He* is a person. *He* is a soul.

"And here let us examine a little nearer the nature of that influence which is thus potent over the human youth. Let us approach and admire beauty, whose revelation to man we now celebrate,—beauty, welcome as the sun wherever it pleases to shine, which pleases everybody with it and with themselves. Wonderful is its charm. It seems sufficient to itself. The lover cannot paint his maiden to his fancy poor and solitary. Like a tree in flower, so much soft, budding, informing loveliness is society for itself, and she



teaches his eye why Beauty was ever painted with Loves and Graces attending her steps. Her existence makes the world rich. Though she excludes all other persons from his attention as cheap and unworthy, yet she indemnifies him by carrying out her own being into somewhat impersonal, large, mundane, so that the maiden stands to him for a representative of all select things and virtues. For that reason the lover sees never personal resemblances in his mistress to her kindred or to others. His friends find in her a likeness to her mother, or her sisters, or to persons not of her blood. The lover sees no resemblance except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows and the song of birds.

"Beauty is ever that divine thing the ancients esteemed it. It is, they said, the flowering of virtue. Who can analyse the nameless charm which glances from one and another face and form? We are touched with emotions of tenderness and complacency, but we cannot find whereat this dainty emotion, this wandering gleam, points. It is destroyed for the imagination by any attempt to refer it to organisation. Nor does it point to any relations of friendship or love that society knows and has; but, as it seems to me, to a quite other and unattainable sphere, to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, a true faerie land; to what roses and violets hint and fore-shew. We cannot get at beauty. Its nature is like opaline doves'-neck lustres, hovering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most excellent things, which all have this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use. What else did Jean Paul Richter signify, when he said to music, 'Away! away! thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have found not, and shall not find.' The same fact may be observed in every work of the plastic arts. The statue is then beautiful, when it begins to be incomprehensible, when it is passing out of criticism, and can no longer be defined by compass and measuring wand, but demands an active imagination to go with it, and to say what it is in the act of doing. The god or hero of the sculptor is always represented in a transition *from* that which is representable to the senses, *to* that which is not. Then first it ceases to be a stone. The same remark holds of painting. And of poetry, the success is not attained when it lulls and satisfies, but when it astonishes and fires us with new endeavours after the unattainable. Concerning it, Landor inquires, 'whether it is not to be referred to some purer state of sensation and existence.'

"So must it be with personal beauty, which love worships. Then first is it charming and itself, when it dissatisfies us with any end; when it becomes a story without an end; when it suggests gleams and visions, and not earthly satisfactions; when it seems

—'too bright and good  
For human nature's daily food;'

when it makes the beholder feel his unworthiness; when he cannot feel his right to it, though he were Cæsar; he cannot feel more right to it than to the firmament and the splendours of a sunset.

"Hence arose the saying, 'If I love you, what is that to you?' We say so, because we feel that what we love is not in your will, but above it. It is the radiance of you, and not you. It is that which you know not in yourself, and can never know.

"This agrees well with that high philosophy of Beauty which the ancient writers delighted in; for they said, that the soul of man, embodied here on earth, went roaming up and down in quest of that other world of its own, out of which it came into this, but was soon stupified by the light of the natural sun, and unable to see any other objects than those of this world, which are but shadows of real things. Therefore the Deity sends the glory of youth before the soul, that it may avail itself of beautiful bodies as aids to its recollection of the celestial good and fair; and the man beholding such



a person in the female sex, runs to her, and finds the highest joy in contemplating the form, movement, and intelligence of this person, because it suggests to him the presence of that which indeed is within the beauty, and the cause of the beauty.

"If, however, from too much conversing with material objects, the soul was gross and misplaced its satisfaction in the body, it reaped nothing but sorrow; body being unable to fulfil the promise which beauty holds out; but if accepting the hint of these visions and suggestions which beauty makes to his mind, the soul passes through the body, and falls to admire strokes of character, and the lovers contemplate one another in their discourses and their actions, then they pass to the true palace of Beauty, more and more inflame their love of it, and by this love extinguishing the base affection, as the sun puts out the fire by shining on the hearth, they become pure and hallowed. By conversation with that which is in itself excellent, magnanimous, lowly, and just, the lover comes to a warmer love of these nobilities, and a quicker apprehension of them. Then he passes from loving them in one, to loving them in all; and so is the one beautiful soul only the door through which he enters to the society of all true and pure souls. In the particular society of his mate he attains a clearer sight of any spot, any taint, which her beauty has contracted from this world, and is able to point it out; and this with mutual joy that they are now able without offence to indicate blemishes and hindrances in each other, and give to each all help and comfort in curing the same. And, beholding in many souls the traits of the divine beauty, and separating in each soul that which is divine from the taint which they have contracted in the world, the lover ascends ever to the highest beauty, to the love and knowledge of the Divinity, by steps on this ladder of created souls.

"Somewhat like this have the truly wise told us of love in all ages. The doctrine is not old, nor is it new. If Plato, Plutarch, and Apuleius, taught it, so have Petrarch, Angelo, and Milton. It awaits a truer unfolding, in opposition and rebuke to that subterranean prudence which presides at marriages with words that take hold of the upper work, whilst one eye is eternally boring down into the cellar, so that its gravest discourse has ever a slight savour of hams and powdering-tubs. Worst, when the snout of this sensualism intrudes into the education of young women, and withers the hope and affection of human nature, by teaching that marriage signifies nothing but a housewife's thrift, and that woman's life has no other aim.

"But this dream of love, though beautiful, is only one scene in our play. In the procession of the soul from within outward, it enlarges its circles ever, like the pebble thrown into the pond, or the light proceeding from an orb. The rays of the soul alight first on things nearest, on every utensil and toy, on nurses and domestics, on the house and yard and passengers, on the circle of household acquaintance, on politics, and geography, and history. But by the necessity of our constitution, things are ever grouping themselves according to higher or more interior laws. Neighbourhood, size, numbers, habits, persons, lose by degrees their power over us. Cause and effect, real affinities, the longing for harmony between the soul and the circumstance, the high progressive idealising instinct, these predominate later, and ever the step backward from the higher to the lower relations is impossible. Thus even love, which is the deification of persons, must become more impersonal every day. Of this at first it gives no hint. Little think the youth and maiden who are glancing at each other across crowded rooms, with eyes so full of mutual intelligence,—of the precious fruit long hereafter to proceed from this new, quite external stimulus. The work of vegetation begins first in the irritability of the bark and leaf-buds. From exchanging glances, they advance to acts of courtesy, of gallantry, then to fiery passion, to plighting troth and marriage. Passion beholds its object as a perfect unit. The soul is wholly embodied, and the body is wholly ensouled.

'Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one might almost say her body thought.'

Romeo, if dead, should be cut up into little stars, to make the heavens fine. Life, with this pair, has no other aim, asks no more, than Juliet—than Romeo. Night, day, studies, talents, kingdoms, religion, are all contained in this form full of soul, in this soul which is all form. The lovers delight in endearments, in avowals of love, in comparisons of their regards. When alone, they solace themselves with the remembered image of the other. Does that other see the same star, the same melting cloud, read the same book, feel the same emotion, that now delight me? They try and weigh their affection, and adding up all costly advantages, friends, opportunities, properties, exult in discovering that willingly, joyfully, they would give all as a ransom for the beautiful, the beloved head, not one hair of which shall be harmed. But the lot of humanity is on these children. Danger, sorrow, and pain arrive to them, as to all. Love prays. It makes covenants with Eternal Power, in behalf of this dear mate. The union which is thus effected, and which adds a new value to every atom in nature,—for it transmutes every thread throughout the whole web of relation into a golden ray, and bathes the soul in a new and sweeter element,—is yet a temporary state. Not always can flowers, pearls, poetry, protestations, nor even home in another heart, content the awful soul that dwells in clay. It arouses itself at last from these endearments, as toys, and puts on the harness, and aspires to vast and universal aims. The soul which is in the soul of each, craving for a perfect beatitude, detects incongruities, defects, and disproportion in the behaviour of the other. Hence arises surprise, expostulation, and pain. Yet that which drew them to each other was signs of loveliness, signs of virtue: and these virtues are there, however eclipsed. They appear and reappear, and continue to attract; but the regard changes, quits the sign, and attaches to the substance. This repairs the wounded affection. Meantime, as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties, to extort all the resources of each, and acquaint each with the whole strength and weakness of the other. For it is the nature and end of this relation, that they should represent the human race to each other. All that is in the world which is or ought to be known, is cunningly wrought into the texture of man, of woman.

'The person love does to us fit,  
Like manna, has the taste of all in it.'

"The world rolls: the circumstances vary every hour. All the angels that inhabit this temple of the body appear at the windows, and all the gnomes and vices also. By all the virtues they are united. If there be virtue, all the vices are known as such; they confess and flee. Their once flaming regard is sobered by time in either breast; and losing in violence what it gains in extent, it becomes a thorough good understanding. They resign each other, without complaint, to the good offices which man and woman are severally appointed to discharge in time; and exchange the passion, which once could not lose sight of its object, for a cheerful, disengaged furtherance, whether present or absent, of each other's designs. At last they discover that all which at first drew them together,—those once sacred features, that magical play of charms,—was deciduous, had a prospective end, like the scaffolding by which the house was built; and the purification of the intellect and the heart, from year to year, is the real marriage, foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness. Looking at these aims, with which two persons, a man and a woman, so variously and correlatively gifted, are shut up in one house to spend in the nuptial society forty or fifty years, I do not wonder at the emphasis with which the heart prophesies this crisis from early infancy, at the profuse beauty with which

the instincts deck the nuptial bower, and nature and intellect and art emulate each other in the gifts and the melody they bring to the epithalamium.

"Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeketh virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom. We are by nature observers, and thereby learners: that is our permanent state. But we are often made to feel that our affections are but tents of a night. Though slowly and with pain, the objects of the affections change, as the objects of thought do. There are moments when the affections rule and absorb the man, and make his happiness dependent on a person or persons. But in health the mind is presently seen again,—its overarching vault, bright with galaxies of immutable lights, and the warm loves and fears that swept over us as clouds, must lose their finite character, and blend with God, to attain their own perfection. But we need not fear that we can lose anything by the progress of the soul. The soul may be trusted to the end. That which is so beautiful and attractive as these relations, must be succeeded and supplanted only by what is more beautiful, and so on for ever."

We have only left ourselves room for the following extract from the Essay on Friendship.

"I do not wish to treat friendships daintily, but with roughest courage. When they are real, they are not glass threads or frost-work, but the solidest thing we know. For now, after so many ages of experience, what do we know of nature, or of ourselves? Not one step has man taken toward the solution of the problem of his destiny. In one condemnation of folly stand the whole universe of men. But the sweet sincerity of joy and peace, which I draw from this alliance with my brother's soul, is the nut itself whereof all nature and all thought is but the husk and shell. Happy is the house that shelters a friend! It might well be built, like a festal bower or arch, to entertain him a single day. Happier, if he know the solemnity of that relation, and honour its law! It is no idle band, no holyday engagement. He who offers himself a candidate for that covenant comes up, like an Olympian, to the great games, where the first-born of the world are the competitors. He proposes himself for contests where Time, Want, Danger, are in the lists, and he alone is victor who has truth enough in his constitution to preserve the delicacy of his beauty from the wear and tear of all these. The gifts of fortune may be present or absent, but all the hap in that contest depends on intrinsic nobleness, and the contempt of trifles. There are two elements that go to the composition of friendship, each so sovereign, that I can detect no superiority in either, no reason why either should be first named. One is Truth. A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere. Before him I may think aloud. I am arrived at last in the presence of a man so real and equal, that I may drop even those undermost garments of dissimulation, courtesy, and second thought, which men never put off, and may deal with him with the simplicity and wholeness with which one chemical atom meets another. Sincerity is the luxury allowed, like diadems and authority, only to the highest rank, *that* being permitted to speak truth, as having none above it to court or conform unto. Every man alone is sincere. At the entrance of a second person, hypocrisy begins. We parry and fend the approach of our fellow man by compliments, by gossip, by amusements, by affairs. We cover up our thought from him under a hundred folds. I knew a man who, under a certain religious frenzy, cast off this drapery, and, omitting all compliment and commonplace, spoke to the conscience of every person he encountered, and that with great insight and beauty. At first, he was resisted, and all men agreed he was mad. But persisting, as indeed he could not help doing, for some time in this course, he attained to the advantage of bringing every man of his acquaintance into true relations with him. No man would think of speaking falsely with him,



or of putting him off with any chat of markets or reading-rooms. But every man was constrained by so much sincerity to face him; and what love of nature, what poetry, what symbol of truth he had, he did certainly shew him. But to most of us society shews not its face and eye, but its side and its back. To stand in true relations with men in a false age is worth a fit of insanity, is it not? We can seldom go erect. Almost every man we meet requires some civility, requires to be humoured!—he has some fame, some talent, some whim of religion or philanthropy in his head that is not to be questioned, and so spoils all conversation with him. But a friend is a sane man who exercises not my ingenuity, but me. My friend gives me entertainment without requiring me to stoop, or to lisp, or to mask myself. A friend, therefore, is a sort of paradox in nature. I who alone am, I who see nothing in nature whose existence I can affirm with equal evidence to my own, behold now the semblance of my being in all its height, variety, and curiosity, reiterated in a foreign form; so that a friend may well be reckoned the masterpiece of nature."

Our extracts have been somewhat erratic; for having at present no point of our own to sustain, we have been only solicitous to give the reader ample materials from whence to form a correct estimate of the book before us. It will be perceived that although there is much of beauty—nay, even of sublimity—in these Essays, that they altogether want prominence and just relief. Emerson brings no treasure to the storehouse of the memory; if his words do not instantly excite kindred thoughts in the reader,—if they do not provoke him to elaborate the subject further for himself,—however they may please at the moment, they quickly evaporate and leave no trace behind. Other authors leave a remembrance of a concatenation of reasoning, or of a gracefully woven continuation of sentiment; but Emerson has no argument to support, and demonstrates nothing. We see that he is rich in gems and precious stones; but he displays them so partially as to tantalize rather than satisfy our curiosity.

However, these Essays are valuable as being the products of a man of great and original genius, who has earnestly sought for truth with no ill success. If he has done no more, he has at least erected sign-posts which will faithfully direct the steps of all who consult them into the paths of true philosophy. Fallen on such evil days as these, honour be to him who does even thus much!

But perhaps, in complaining of vagueness, we complain unjustly. What if Emerson's ideas be too pure—too ethereal for adequate expression? Ideas, in themselves, are incommunicable. They are silent intentions of the soul; suggested without the help of language. And if we would preserve them uncontaminated—if we would retain them in their original truthfulness—we must not seek to reduce them to words. Ideas are never false, for the soul cannot lie; but we may and do falsify them when we seek to clothe their loveliness in the rags and tatters of phrase. Nor is this all. Having once spoken an idea, it departs from us, leaving in its stead only the pitiful remembrance of the terms we have used in expressing it. These terms may be such as to lead to error and contradiction; and at the very best, will be but feeble and inefficient representatives of the idea we have lost.

In conceiving an idea, a flash of brilliant light seems to burst upon our soul; we stay not to seek arguments, or weigh evidence; our conviction of its truth is instantaneous. Mere thoughts are suggested to us already decked in a form of words; and we place no confidence in them until we have bolstered them up with reasoning and testimony. But our ideas apparently spring from a source that cannot err. I say apparently, for we know not whence they come, nor whither they go. Indeed, we might almost conclude that they were heavenly monitions addressed exclusively to ourselves; and that to impart them was a breach of confidence.



Among ideas—the noblest and the highest—has Mr. Emerson his abiding place; and hence arises his obscurity. The celestial visitants refuse to be confined to the dull earth. Nevertheless, let us gratefully listen to the broken utterances vouchsafed to us; for they may perchance prove oracles.

*Æsop's Fables*, written in Chinese by the learned MUN MOOY SEEN-SHANG, and compiled in their present Form (with a free and literal Translation), by his Pupil SLOTH.

Now that a Chinese professorship has actually been established in London, this work may obtain what it deserves—extensive notice. It is published by Robert Thorn, Esq., one of Her Majesty's interpreters in China, under the pseudonyme of Sloth. It supplies what has long been a *desideratum* in the elementary departments of Chinese literature. In saying that every student of the Chinese language on the Continent, if he but knew where to procure it, would not fail to possess himself of a copy, we only repeat the opinion of M. Stanislas Julien, of Paris, without doubt the first Chinese scholar in Europe.

*The English Maiden; her Moral and Domestic Duties.* London: George Bell, 186, Fleet Street. 1841.

A very elegant book upon a subject which has lately become intensely interesting. The influence of woman in society has received such increase in our times, that many analyses of it have appeared. The one before us is exceedingly meritorious.

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If there be one peculiarity in the character of our neighbours, the French, more predominant than any other, it is that spirit of research and investigation which they bring to their inquiries upon apparently trifling subjects. While every one complained of the nauseous taste of medicine, none but the French thought of concealing or removing that objectionable quality. By dint of perseverance they have succeeded. Their medicines are, to say the least, not disagreeable; and many of them are actually nice. One we particularly remember as extremely pleasant—the Sirop Orangé Purgatif de Lagrange, an Aperient, intended to supersede the Black Draught, &c.

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## MUSIC.

WE have watched for some months past with great interest the philanthropic exertions of M. Mainzer in diffusing gratuitous singing instruction among our workmen. M. Mainzer is well and honourably known both in France and Germany, as a composer, and also for his benevolent personal efforts in spreading gratuitous musical instruction among the Parisian workmen. These efforts were crowned with high success, and thousands of workmen received lessons on this delightful art,—many of them attaining to considerable proficiency. Encouraged by repeated solicitations to extend the benefits of his musical apostolate to this country, he came to London about four months ago; and since that time he has been devoting his time, energy, talent, and means to the extension of this generous project. Convinced that music can be employed as a potent moralizing agent, his ultimate aim is to render it an essential, recognized branch of popular education; and this he bids fair to realize. Already he has established numerous classes in various parts of the metropolis: in the Temperance Hall, Broadway, Westminster; Rockingham Rooms, near the Elephant and Castle; Chelsea Teetotal Hall; Mechanics' Institution,

Southampton Buildings ; Westminster Literary and Scientific Institution, &c. &c. His work, "Singing for the Million," is the manual employed, and the progress of the pupils is strikingly rapid. The elementary course consists of sixteen lessons, at the end of which, although previously altogether ignorant of music, the pupils are enabled to *sing from notes*, and to execute choruses in parts in a very creditable manner. After this elementary course, a second or more advanced class is immediately formed to conduct those who may desire to proceed to the higher and more artistic parts of vocal music.

We learn with pleasure from the "*National Singing Circular*," the organ of the association for popular instruction, according to the Mainzerian system, that M. Mainzer will not confine his operations to the metropolis, but intends extending them to all the large manufacturing towns, and, through the aid of professors, universally over the kingdom, so as to ingraft a love for music upon the national character, and through its agency to beget a taste and appreciation of art, the most powerful antidote against the indulgence of low-based sensual gratifications, and a strong incentive to a greater moral development. In this grand and important design our best wishes are with him. He comes to us a stranger, on a mission of benevolence, not on a trading speculation—in the character of an enthusiastic philanthropist, not as a selfish money-getter ; and we heartily trust his success will be commensurate with the goodness and extent of his intention.

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### THE GREEN ROOM.

#### KNOWLES'S "OLD MAIDS," AND THE COVENT GARDEN MANAGEMENT.

THE true poet writes according to his mental moods : the pseudo-scribe for the occasion : the one is always consulting the market, the other yielding to mysterious impulses. The mind has its ebb and flow, as the sea has ; and periods of great excitement will be succeeded by intervals of deepest calm. Some of the most beautiful poems seem to have been composed under such gentle influences, and to be animated with the very inspirations of peace—so soothe they the travailed feelings—so sweetly they lull the wearied spirits. Mr. Knowles's genius, after its sublimer excursion into the heroic field of action, erewhile trodden by the eloquent *John of Procida*, sought repose among the domestic affections, and sported with the love that delights in maskings, and the condescension that is pleased to lift humble merit to the level where disposition and destiny consort in happy union. In such a temper of mind, he conceived the subject of the poem, which is now performing at Covent Garden Theatre under the title of "Old Maids."

We say, poem : the work before us is eminently a poem ; it is a poem of the best and purest kind. We shall think of it, henceforth, with the *Comus* of Milton, with *Shakspeare's Midsummer Night's Dream*, and Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*. This is the class of works to which it belongs ; though not, like them, invested with supernatural fascinations, yet possessing charms of its own which are of

the substantial earth, and felicities which partake the reality of heaven. It is the Wonderful in the Common with which we are here presented, and it is brought out with a delicacy of touch, with a magic intuition, which is as surprising as what it produces. Knowles is the Wordsworth of the Drama.

Some nonsense has lately been written about a new species of drama, which is to be, in some unaccountable way, unlike the old. Thus it is that novelty is continually substituted for originality by the pseudo-critical mind. Why! this is the *newest* form of the original—this Wordsworthian—this Goethean feeling for the miraculous in the familiar world with which we are surrounded. The family hearth has revelations unnoted because only noticeable there, which are oracles of divinest significance to the kindred spirit that can interpret them. The way-side is full of responses, and the god Pan may be heard in the cricket's chirp in the most ordinary field, and from the rudest hedge that, "like a liminary cherub," incloses the rural lane.

Though similar to the Elizabethan drama in style, this same poetic play of Knowles is very dissimilar in spirit and execution. The Elizabethan poets went to the distant and antique for their subjects; but here we are presented with our neighbours, disguised as the pre-occupants of London in the olden time: strip them of their masking gear, and we have the faces that we have kissed, and the hearts that we have heard beat, and the hands that we have clasped, for a thousand times.

It is a daring thing for a man, in our day, to put a purely poetic drama on the stage;—a drama portraying the hidden life of ordinary people. It is still more daring to venture such a play in one of our large theatres. Numerous audiences are little operated upon by mere poetic impulses; they expect situation, claptrap, and theatrical effect; and if they find not these, they are disappointed. They seem to think themselves defrauded, if deprived of the slightest vulgar enjoyment to which they have been accustomed. But this they must certainly suffer, if our drama is to be redeemed.

To Mr. Knowles, the highest honour is due, for daring to initiate this kind of regeneration. It is worthy of the poet, who is fully entitled to be called the Author of the Chaste English Drama—the special glory of the nineteenth century.

The same pure spirit which prompted him in the composition of the play before us, seems also to have guided him in the mode of publication. We open the book and miss the accustomed laudatory advertisement of manager and performer. The poet has dared to infringe on all *theatrical* rules; and in this particular, as well as in the style of the piece, has courageously asserted the dramatist's independence.

The poem depends on its dialogue, not on its plot. There is, properly speaking, no plot, but a dramatic intention. The poet seeks to prove to such young ladies as affect to be old maids by anticipation, and to despise the opposite sex, the strong necessity of love, as an ontological law, and the consequent fact of their happiness being in reality dependent on their being loved—by a man apiece. Young ladies only dream they should like to die old maids, because their other halves have not yet reached them. They have been wooed perhaps

by the wrong swain, and, answering by the mysterious law we wot of, have uttered the negative monosyllable instead of the affirmative. Thus it was with *Lady Blanche*;—*Sir Philip Brilliant* had wooed her, fancying he loved not loving, and she had, naturally enough, either refused or neglected his suit; and thence too rashly argued that she had no liking for man at all. The contrary to all her psychological appearances however was the fact—the very argument she rashly held arose from the strong interest she took in man. In proof, she had already assumed one of those disguises in which love so much delights, and as a yeoman's daughter had seduced the heart of a young jeweller, whose sudden disappearance from their accustomed haunts, becomes to her a source of mortification, which she would but cannot conceal.

Of course the young jeweller is the true lover. But obstructions to love are motives to yet stronger love; and her heart must be tried that its attachment may be confirmed. Not from any infidelity had the young jeweller removed himself—but circumstances had rapt him thence. *Sir Philip Brilliant* and he were absent at the same time, on the same errand, and are destined to return together. There is a sympathy between them, too, which only required contact to be cemented, and fate is not slow in contriving some odd chance to work out its purposes. The father of the jeweller had set a gem for *Sir Philip*, which he in his foppish carelessness had lost, and, from vanity, was desirous of fixing the blame rather on the workman than himself. It must have been ill-set, forsooth. The son resists this piece of presumption, and excites the baronet's surprise. Though a fop outside, *Sir Philip* has a man's heart within, and provokes a duel with the boy just to test his spirit, whether of the right sort and due quality. Satisfied with the proof, he then determined on building up the young man's greatness, and is accompanied by him on a military expedition to Ireland, where, by some merit and a little patronage, the *quondam* jeweller's apprentice rises to the rank of a colonel.

We have said that *Sir Philip* and his *protégé* return together. The latter is introduced by his patron to the *Lady Blanche*, and her friend *Lady Anne*. Colonel *Thomas Blount* (for that is his name) recognizes in *Lady Blanche* a likeness to the yeoman's maid he had formerly known, but fails in identifying her for the same person, though the lady on her part resorts to all the schemes she can think of to excite the desirable identification. She assumes the dress of a cavalier to tell him with more modesty that *Lady Blanche* loves him. But he is faithful to the image of the yeoman's maid, and until identified with her, no *Lady Blanche* for him! This once effected, his course is smooth and plain; all old feelings return, and his hand is hers. Meantime, by similar, yet different processes, *Sir Philip Brilliant* has been made to find his proper mistress in the *Lady Anne*, and thus both old maids are provided with husbands.

Such is the course of true worth and true love—such their trials, such their triumphs. But there are shams in the world which serve as a foil to the true. The high-spirited *Thomas Blount* has a brother *John*, whose heart is mean and merit little. Having succeeded in supplanting *Thomas* in his father's business, *John* soon sells the concern and sets up for gentleman, without any of the qualifications for



one, except plenty of money; with this he succeeds in getting acquainted at a race-course with some nobleman's and *Sir Philip's* servants. They affect their masters' and mistresses' titles, and thus delude the aspiring *parvenu* into the notion that they can confer such station and honour on him as he may choose. He is accordingly dubbed colonel—for it is towards the army that his aspirations are directed. The sequel may be easily guessed. The daw is stripped of his borrowed feathers, just at the time when, in the false pride of his ungenerous nature, he refuses to see his humble parents. He had also been entrapped into a sham marriage with *Lady Blanche's* maid, mistaking her for *Lady Blanche* herself. Lucky for him that the marriage was but a sham. There is now hope, since he has become re-acquainted with his nobler brother, that his mind may receive elevation from the influence of example.

Is not all this exquisitely conceived? It is as felicitously executed: *e. g.*—

The following is the manner in which *Mistress Blount* discriminates between her two sons:—

"MISTRESS BLOUNT.

Heard I not words? I did!—what's wrong with Thomas?  
John has been chafing him again! He's not  
The boy to bear it, nor is't right he should.  
The shop don't fit him, husband! Thou would'st put  
Thy turnspit to his use, thy hound to his.  
Did any counsel thee, exchange their work;  
Thou'd'st think him fool, didst thou not call him one!  
Thy cart-horse foal when thou didst set to cart  
Thou didst the thing was wise!—as wisely didst  
To break thy jennet's filly for the saddle;  
As beast of draught she were not worth her meat!  
Giv'st ear to me? Dost weigh my words?

MASTER BLOUNT.

I do.

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

And if thou dost, thou wilt not find them light.  
And dost perceive the sequel?

MASTER BLOUNT.

No.

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

I am sure  
Thou dost not! Never canst thou see the thing  
That lies not straight before thee. Ope thine eyes,  
And I will put the sequel in their range  
Point blank! Men vary more than horse or dog.  
Not as the parentage the progeny!  
The noble's cradle rocks a churl—the churl's  
A nobleman! A simple craftsman thou,  
Hast son the craft was never made would fit:—  
And he must drudge because his father did!

MASTER BLOUNT.

Drudge, dost thou say?

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

Ay, drudge! and say't again.

MASTER BLOUNT.

His brother drudges.

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

So his brother may:

It is his humour; he's his father's son.

MASTER BLOUNT.

Whom takes the other after?

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

Whom?—why me!

I tell thee, Thomas is his mother's son,—

No handicraft will he make progress in;

Money he values for the using on't—

Would buy a coach and horses in the time

Thou balancest the outlay of a truck!

MASTER BLOUNT.

A hopeful son, methinks, has Master Blount,  
The Ludgate jeweller.

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

Most hopeful, John;

But not in the shape thou wishest hope to come in,

With sleek comb'd hair and pondrous busy brow,

Scanning a bodkin to resolve him whether

'Tis gold or pinchbeck!—I forgot!—Thy hope

Hath comely apron on!—Now look at mine!

A youth of standard height! proportioned well

In trunk and limb! Of handsome face and bold!

Very! A cap and plume upon his head,

Across his field of breast a scarf and belt,

And in the belt a sword, as fits a man!

MASTER BLOUNT.

What cavalier is this?

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

What cavalier?

Thou knowest not thine own son, husband John

I lose all patience with thee! Listen now!

Thou hast a son whom fortune meant to climb,

And thou would'st have to creep!—What use is he

In thy shop or workshop where thou cast'st him when

He came from school, as metal that is fused

Into the mould, thinking he'd take what shape

It pleased thee give him? Flesh and blood are not

So passive, John!—How little knowest thou,

Dear John, beyond thy trade! Nine months ago

Lapsed his apprenticeship of seven long years,  
And earns he now the keep of journeyman?  
No!—do I blame him? No!—when thou get'st gold  
To do the work of lead I'll blame him, John,  
But not till then.

MASTER BLOUNT.

The fault is thine.

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

Is mine!

Am I in fault?

MASTER BLOUNT.

I say—

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

Am I in fault?

MASTER BLOUNT.

I won't say fault.

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

Go on.

MASTER BLOUNT.

Thou hast him taught  
The ways of gentlemen. Contents thee not  
He learn our homely measures, he must skip  
As courtiers do, so thou provid'st him with  
A foreign dancing-master! Not enough  
The jockey taught his brother should teach him,  
Behoves him have a soldier's seat, and so  
Thou get'st a regimental riding-master!

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

Proceed, good husband John.

MASTER BLOUNT.

It pleased thee not  
Dick Cottingham should teach him quarter-staff.

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

Dick Cottingham!—I'd beat Dick Cottingham  
At quarter-staff myself!—

MASTER BLOUNT.

Thou must employ  
Professionals in that.

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

Teach a boy right,  
Or not at all! Go on!

MASTER BLOUNT.

From quarter-staff  
He needs must to the rapier go.

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

No doubt.

MASTER BLOUNT.

The which—not satisfied the boy should get

A simple notion on't—he practises  
Till he can beat his master.

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

Art not glad  
Of that?—Art thou not glad on't, husband John?  
The day will come, and mind my words it will,  
When thou wilt chuckle at it!—chuckle, husband!  
Thy boy can beat his master!—who'll beat him?

MASTER BLOUNT.

John is as good a boy!

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

Who cheapens John?  
What loss to him his brother gets his due?  
He likes the inside of the counter! Well,  
He has it! Thomas likes the other side!  
And yet thou know'st not John! Tho' he's my son,  
He is cunning. 'Tis not natural in one  
So young in years to be in acts so old.  
The husbandman prefers a backward spring!  
The fruit is doubted comes before its time!  
Did John observe thee less, 'twould please me more!  
What would'st thou say now should I tell thee plain  
His fancies look a mile beyond the shop,  
In which thou think'st his heart wrapp'd wholly up?  
'Tis so: he'd laugh to throw the apron off  
He smiles at putting on!

MASTER BLOUNT.

Thou wrong'st him, wife.

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

Believe so, as thou wilt—let me know Thomas.  
He'll ne'er ply craft, but be a gentleman.  
That time is come with you, and still you toil.

MASTER BLOUNT.

I'll think on what thou say'st.

MISTRESS BLOUNT.

So, husband, do.  
The man who has a wife hath counsel, John,  
At hand that's ever better than his own!"

*Lady Anne* describes the young jeweller, and *Lady Blanche* tells a story:—

"A youth misused of fate to set him, where  
Behoved his betters rather wait than he!  
A lofty forehead, like a marble dome  
For princely thoughts to dwell in! Eyes to court  
Challenge of war or love, showing themselves  
Frankly and boldly at their posts—a nose  
Of the fine Grecian with a touch of Rome,



Elegance crown'd with strength ; a mouth composed  
Of lips were fashion'd after Cupid's bow,  
And, like it, made to send his arrow home,  
Wing'd with their dulcet twang ! Ambitious chin  
Dimpled and knobb'd like pattern Antinous !  
There is his face, which well his neck and bust  
Deserved : as for the rest of him, you know  
The counter hid him from us.

LADY BLANCHE.

Counter like,  
In calculation of the drawback, doubtless,  
His head and bust had suffer'd through the fault  
Of his mis-shapen legs. I should not wonder  
Had he clubb'd feet.

LADY ANNE.

Have you not seen his feet ?  
Come ! Did you never on adventure go  
A-shopping there again ?

LADY BLANCHE.

Well, Anne, I did !  
Again, and yet again. Nay, do not laugh,  
'Twas only to enjoy the goldsmith's blush !

LADY ANNE.

There, Blanche ! Just now you could not find the shop !

LADY BLANCHE.

Well ! things will jump into one's memory  
When least we look for them. Why do you laugh ?  
Don't laugh, dear Anne, and I will tell you more !  
I took the goldsmith to my milliner's  
One day when he perforce would see me home :  
A yeoman's daughter could not well, you know,  
O'errule a goldsmith's son. Well, at the door  
In vain I dropp'd him court'sy after court'sy,  
In linsey-woolsey mode ! He would not go.  
" He must have speech with me a minute ! " " Nay ! "  
" Indeed, he must. " Then said I, " Nay, " again.  
" He must in pity. " Still did I say, " Nay. "  
But what's the use of " nay, " said fifty times,  
If " yes " at last will come—and come it did :  
" He might have speech a minute ! " What's a minute ?  
A portion of an hour ! A portion gone,  
The hour is broken ! What's the value of  
A broken thing ?—as well he have the hour !  
The hour he had ! The goldsmith's son was smitten ;  
Love at first sight !—The arrow in the core !  
Whereat the maid amused—it may be pleased ;  
Touch'd, will you have it so.—Well, she was touch'd !  
Did after grant the goldsmith divers meetings,  
Listening in silence to his rhapsodies

In rustic cloak, with hood drawn o'er her head,  
 Her face but half revealing! Till, at length,  
 Feeling a something—nothing like a passion!—  
 Perhaps an interest—yes; like that one watches  
 The progress of a pleasant story with,  
 But which indulging is but waste of time;  
 Having a horror, too, of slavery—  
 No matter how far out of reach of it;  
 And, then, besides, admonish'd by my rank;  
 At last I took the resolution  
 To drop the masquerade—although, I own,  
 With some compunction.

LADY ANNE.

He deserved some.

LADY BLANCHE.

He!

Why, was he not a man! He proved he was!  
 Made out his right and title. Took his leave  
 Without good-bye; by word or yet by missive;  
 Since when I ne'er have met him. 'Twas as well,  
 Although it mortified me!—Nothing more."

Equally fine is *Lady Anne's* reproof of *Sir Philip's* foppery:—

"What shall I call thee now?

Ware from the milliner's, the tailor's, or  
 The cordwainer's, or jeweller's, or what?  
 Thyself is the least part of thee! The man  
 Is trimmings to the dress.—Thou art a ruff  
 Of plaits elaborate and infinite;  
 Thy vest, for curiosity of style,  
 Armour of diamonds upon velvet plaited,  
 Were better given a cabinet to keep  
 As theme for wonderment to after time,  
 Than left provision for the hungry air  
 That's sure to eat it up! Thy jerkin runs  
 Enormous risk from thy ambition! trying  
 With satin slashes, ribbon-knots, and lace,  
 How close to woman's gear a man's may come.  
 And still appear a man's—thy trunks partake  
 Its divers sins; and for thy hose, who says,  
 In town or out of town, thou walk'st not in  
 A shrubbery, why let him own he is blind,  
 To save his credit for veracity!  
 Thy very rapier would abjure the man!  
 Its handle vouches for the laceman more  
 Than the cutler—nay, nor him beside alone;  
 'Twas plann'd in concert with a milliner!  
 Which of the precious metals has the honour  
 To help it to a blade? It cannot be  
 A thing so exquisitely delicate  
 Could pair with homely steel?

Give over !

SIR PHILIP.

I will.

LADY ANNE.

I want a friend, dear Lady Anne.

SIR PHILIP.

LADY ANNE.

A friend ?  
And come you to a woman for a friend ?  
Better you seek a man.

SIR PHILIP.

He cannot help me,  
A woman can ; she knows a woman's mind,  
And how 'tis hit ; which being done, they say,  
Her heart's in jeopardy !

LADY ANNE.

Who say so ? They  
Who do not know her ! Hit her heart, you are sure  
Of her mind.

SIR PHILIP.

No easy thing to do ! For, now,  
Three years and upwards have I tried to hit  
The heart of Lady Blanche !

LADY ANNE.

I know you have.

SIR PHILIP.

Three years are past, yet am I now as wide  
As ever of the mark.

LADY ANNE.

Had you guess'd that  
At setting out, what labour had you spared,  
Or spent perhaps to more account, employ'd  
On some one else ! Sir Philip !

SIR PHILIP.

Lady Anne ?

LADY ANNE.

For three years have you been my fair acquaintance ;  
And if I err not, all that lapse of time  
You have enjoy'd good health !

SIR PHILIP.

Nay ; no man better !

LADY ANNE.

Your appetite has never fail'd you ?

SIR PHILIP.

Never !

LADY ANNE.

So I should think !—You have always slept o' nights ?

SIR PHILIP.

From laying down my head to lifting it !

LADY ANNE.

Sound sleep ?—No trouble in the shape of dreams ?

SIR PHILIP.

None that I recollect.

LADY ANNE.

And yet in love !

And not successfully !—"Tis very strange !

SIR PHILIP.

"Tis very strange.

LADY ANNE.

Come, tell me how you feel

Towards Lady Blanche ? What are the signs whereby

You know you love her ? When you think of her,

Do you sigh very deeply ?

SIR PHILIP.

I'm not sure

That I do sigh at all—but I'm in love.

LADY ANNE.

You cannot be in love, unless you sigh.

SIR PHILIP.

A man may sigh, without his knowing it.

LADY ANNE.

That's true. How feel you when another man

Detains her ear aloof ?

SIR PHILIP.

How feel I then ?

How should I feel ?

LADY ANNE.

Do you not purse your brows ?

SIR PHILIP.

No !

LADY ANNE.

No !—Do you not bite your lip ?

SIR PHILIP.

No !

LADY ANNE.

No ?

Nor clench your hand ?

SIR PHILIP.

Nor clench my hand !—Why should I ?

LADY ANNE.

Could you not knock him down ?

SIR PHILIP.

I'd like to know

For what ?



LADY ANNE.

You would like to know for what? You are deep,  
You are very deep in love. What would you do  
With Lady Blanche, suppose you married her?

SIR PHILIP.

Show her to court and town—go everywhere,  
And take her with me, that the world might see  
She that rejected scores of suits was mine.

LADY ANNE.

It is his vanity that loves, not he! (*aside.*)

From these specimens, the reader will understand somewhat of the psychological analysis which pervades this exceedingly beautiful poem. But the crowning specimen of this kind is in the last act, when the failure of their mutual schemes forces both the "old maids" to self-examination:—

"(LADY BLANCHE *sits disconsolately.* Enter LADY ANNE, *who draws a chair beside her, and likewise sits.*)

LADY ANNE.

Well, Blanche.

LADY BLANCHE.

Well, Anne. You have quarrell'd with Sir Philip.

LADY ANNE.

And you have lost your pains with Colonel Blount.

LADY BLANCHE.

We have play'd our cards like fools.

LADY ANNE.

I fear we have.

LADY BLANCHE.

I know we have. My game is gone.

LADY ANNE.

And so

I fear is mine.

LADY BLANCHE.

Why, Anne, you're not in love?

LADY ANNE.

I doubt I am. Are you in love, dear Blanche?

LADY BLANCHE.

I know I am. What could possess you, Anne,  
To set yourself up at an age like yours  
For an old maid? Would you be wiser than  
Your mother was? Had she been of your mind,  
Where had you been?

LADY ANNE.

What could possess you, Anne,  
To give me credit for't, and you yourself  
A woman? Think you there was ever one

Who led a life of single blessedness,  
And with her will? You did forget your mother  
As well as I. Children had better take  
Example from their parents; they are copies  
More like to spoil than mend by altering.

LADY BLANCHE.

My mother was a wife at twenty-four.  
Past that, I'm like to be no wife at all.  
This comes of scorning men. How could you think  
Women were e'er design'd to live without them?  
Look at men's trades—no woman e'er could follow.  
A pretty smith you'd make to blow a bellows,  
And set an anvil ringing with a hammer.

LADY ANNE.

Or you a pretty mason with a mallet  
Shaping a block of freestone with a chisel!

LADY BLANCHE.

You could not be a doctor, nor a surgeon.

LADY ANNE.

Nor you a lawyer—would you wear the wig?

LADY BLANCHE.

I'd starve first. You would never make a sailor.

LADY ANNE.

Nor you a soldier.

LADY BLANCHE.

I could fight. I'd like  
To fight with Colonel Blount.

LADY ANNE.

What! has he chafed you?

LADY BLANCHE.

Mortally! Of my beauty made as light  
As 'twere a dress would only wear a day!  
Averr'd I painted, which, although I did,  
Designing not to show, how durst he see?  
Denied that I had eyes. Have I not eyes?  
Call'd me coquette, anatomized me so,  
My heart is all one mortifying sore,  
Rankling with pain, which, 'gainst all equity,  
I pay him for with love, instead of hate.

LADY ANNE.

Why, Blanche, can it be you?

LADY BLANCHE.

Can you believe  
That love could be constrain'd? That one could love  
Against one's will? That one could spite one's self  
To love another? Love and hate at once?

I could kill Colonel Blount—could hack him up!  
Make mincemeat of him—and could kill myself  
For thinking I could do it, he is so full  
Of wisdom, goodness, manliness, and grace!  
I honour him, admire him, yea, affect him;  
Yet more than him affect the 'prentice boy,  
Whose blushing cheek attested for his heart  
That love was an unknown, unlook'd-for guest,  
Ne'er entertained before, and greeted, now,  
With most confused, overpower'd welcome!

LADY ANNE.

You loved the 'prentice boy!—you thought not that  
Before.

LADY BLANCHE.

Because it seem'd too slight for thought.  
A spark I did not heed, because a spark!  
Never suspected 'twould engender flame  
That kept in secret kindling, nor was found  
Before the blaze that now keeps raging on,  
As from the smother springs the fiercest fire.

LADY ANNE.

Well! make confession to him.

LADY BLANCHE.

Make my will  
And die. He loves no more. The fire is out!  
Vanish'd!—the very embers blown away!  
The memory even of my features gone,  
At sight of which it burst with such a glare  
As crimson'd all the welkin of his face,  
And mock'd as you would think, extinguishing!  
Nor rests it there—another fire is lit  
And blazes to another deity!  
There is the altar burn'd before for me,  
But to another does the incense rise.  
There is the temple where I once was shrined,  
But to another's image sacred now;  
And mine profaned, unbased, cast down, cast out,  
Never to know its worshipper again!

LADY ANNE.

Thou dost not weep?

LADY BLANCHE.

I do!

LADY ANNE.

You are in love!

LADY BLANCHE.

To be sure I am, and like to be! ne'er woman more  
Deceived themselves than we did! To believe  
It rested with ourselves to love or not;  
As we at once could have and lack a heart;

As though we were not made of flesh and blood ;  
 As though we were not women—women—skiffs  
 Sure to be toss'd by passion as by waves  
 The barque that's launch'd into the open sea !  
 Why don't you weep?—you would for sympathy,  
 Did you but love as I do.

LADY ANNE.

Love as you do !  
 The loves of twenty women would not make  
 The heap of mine.

LADY BLANCHE.

And mine among the number ?  
 Now look you, Anne, the moiety of my love  
 Would make your heap.

LADY ANNE.

Would make my heap ? Its tithe  
 Would beat your moiety.

LADY BLANCHE.

The measure of it ?

LADY ANNE.

The earth.

LADY BLANCHE.

I'll give thee in the sun and moon !  
 My love holds measure with the universe !  
 That mocketh bounds.

LADY ANNE.

Ne'er woman loved as I do.

LADY BLANCHE.

Ne'er woman loved at all, compared to me !  
 In me the passion, Anne, is nature ! what  
 I feel you only have a notion of.  
 I love by heart, you only, Anne, by rote ;  
 Peace, I will have it so ! Upon my life  
 We are a pair of most renown'd old maids !"

Such grace of conception, such nicety of feeling, such polish of execution, is not for the million. It is the delight of the true poet, and the true critic. That the present Covent Garden Management have produced such a work on the stage of a large theatre, is a proof of their taste. The acts of this management are, indeed, nobler than their pledges. While they profess only to conduct their theatre on commercial principles, they venture on performing the highest poetry. The manager of the rival theatre tells us that his is no mercantile speculation. Why? forsooth! Because, he means to reduce the prices of admission! We should have been better satisfied, if he had said, because he meant to give the fullest encouragement to dramatic poetry. As it is, the statement is a pretence of noble purposes—a paltry evasion to conceal the meanest.

